

[Oct. 7, 1865

THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.
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London: Printed and published by JOHN DICKS, at the Office,
No. 212, Strand.—Saturday, Oct. 7, 1865.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 122.—VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1865.

ONE PENNY.



SCENE FROM "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE. (See page 282.)

Notes of the Week.

A VERY melancholy accident, which has cast quite a gloom over the volunteer force of Bridgewater, took place on Saturday. A number of the volunteer corps had proceeded to the butts for the purpose of private practice, a young man named Looker, a private in the corps, acting as marker. Three shots had been fired at the 600 yards range, when Mr. Looker suddenly ran out of his hut with his signal flag trailing on the ground, and without waiting for the responding flag to be displayed by the firing party. At the moment Sergeant Mansfield had his rifle at his shoulder, and not seeing Mr. Looker he discharged it. The bullet entered the back part of Mr. Looker's neck, and came out of his chest, the effect of the shot being to cause instantaneous death. Mr. Looker was a clerk in the office of Mr. Brice, was a member of the church choir, and was greatly respected in Bridgewater. There appears to be no blame whatever to be attributed to Sergeant Mansfield, who is a most useful and valued officer of the corps.

On Saturday, at a coroner's inquest, holden in Guy's Hospital, the following extraordinary story was established in evidence to explain the death of a woman named Mary Young, aged forty years, who had expired there. A brother of the deceased woman testified that she was a single woman of sober habits, who had been in the employment of a seed merchant in King William-street. On Wednesday week she was occupied there all day grinding mustard; in the afternoon her employer sent her out to call a cart and she never returned, although she was expected. Her friends lost trace of her. On that evening, however, the poor creature, who appeared to be stupefied, it was, of course, presumed with drink, was found by a police-constable in the street near Coffin-court, being "worried," as a witness expressed it, by a crowd of boys. The policeman led Mary Young up Coffin-court, seated her upon a step, and left her. This was at four o'clock. Under these conditions she sat there two hours when a shocking accident happened to her. An iron shutter, belonging to a large warehouse near to which she sat, described as "an iron up-liftin' shutter, let up and down by means of a crane," was lowered, and it came upon the woman's head, resting there, she having rolled off the step. The man who lowered this shutter (he was not produced at the inquest) told one of the witnesses that when he let the shutter down "he thought he felt some impediment against the iron," but he did not trouble to see what it was. A great crowd of people collected, and after a time the shutter was raised from Mary Young's head, and she lay upon the pavement of the court. People still thought she was drunk, and she was left lying there for two hours, the only assistance she received being apparently that "some person gave her a little brandy to revive her." Then some one called a police-constable, who came and took her off to the Seething-lane station, charging her as "drunk and incapable." But the sergeant saw something in her face which made him hesitate to cast her into the cell. He sent to the doctor, who directly ordered her removal to the hospital. Her ailment was apoplexy, and of that she expired the next morning. The post-mortem examination showed this to be the cause of death, but did not discover any marks of violence. The surgeon said that excitement, drink, or the sudden falling upon her of the iron shutter, might have brought on or intensified the attack. The jury found a verdict of "Death from apoplexy."

On Monday an inquiry was held by Mr. John Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, at the Crown Tavern, Shadwell, relative to the death of M. Michele Mussa, aged fifty-six years, who committed suicide by leaping from Lambeth-bridge. Mr. Frederick Crippen, 11, Ranelagh-street, Pimlico, said that the deceased was an Italian. He was a hair merchant, and was in the season professional hairdresser at Covent Garden Opera House. For some time past he had been despondent, being much depressed in spirit through losses in business and through ill-health. He had lost £500 in two years, and he was in pecuniary difficulties. Mr. John Fry, 11, Ranelagh-street, Pimlico, said that the deceased had lodged with him for ten years, and had been a lodger in the house for four years before witness took it, was married, and sober. Latterly he had been very nervous and despondent, in consequence of serious losses through bad debts, and also through illness. Witness last saw him alive on Saturday week, at seven o'clock in the evening. He gave him the key of his room, saying, "If my madame comes home, here is the key for her." He then went out. His wife came soon afterwards in great alarm, and the police, during the night, brought word that he had committed suicide. James Shaw, 3, Church-street, Westminster, said that on the evening of Saturday week he was crossing the new bridge, Lambeth, when he saw a person leaning over the parapet, and laboriously trying to lift himself over. He was evidently partly paralyzed, and therefore found it difficult to get up on the parapet. The witness and a friend ran to prevent him, but they got to the spot too late. The man had jumped off into the river. An alarm was raised, and boats were put off, but the unfortunate man never rose to the surface. He was no doubt swept up the river by the tide. On the pavement witness found the deceased's hat, with his name and address written inside. The toll-collector said to the witness that a quarter of an hour before some persons had seen a man walking up and down the bridge in great excitement, but he had no one to send to him. The body of the deceased was found floating in the river off Shadwell. The Coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict "That deceased drowned himself by jumping off Lambeth-bridge while in a state of unsound mind."

On Saturday an inquest was held at Charlton, Kent, on the body of Elizabeth Serjeant, aged six years. She was left in a room on the ground-floor at No. 10, Ashford-place, with two younger children, by their mother, who had gone out to market. By some means she set herself on fire, and when she screamed a little dog jumped through a pane of glass into the room; and on the mother's return, which was in a few minutes, she saw him tearing away the child's clothes with his mouth and paws. Upon his seeing the mother he went up to her and laid hold of her gown to draw her towards the child. The child was removed to the infirmary, but died from the effects of the injuries. Verdict, "Accidental death."

At nine a.m. on Saturday morning, a fire broke out in some unfinished houses at Lansdowne-road, Croydon, which belong to Messrs. Well and Drake. Notice was given by telegram to the fire brigade, and one steam-engine was sent. Two houses, Nos. 5 and 6, of ten rooms each, had their roofs burnt off; and Nos. 7, 4, 3, 2, and 1—the last a private house, occupied by a Mr. Manners—had part of its roof off and the rest of the premises damaged.

On Monday morning, Mr. W. J. Payne, the coroner for the Duchy of Lancaster, held an inquiry at the Spotted Dog Tavern, Strand, relative to the death of John Tapp, aged twenty-four, killed while working on the Thames embankment. Thomas Cooper, a pile-driver, said that on the previous Friday, at half-past one o'clock, the deceased and he were on a barge helping to shift a pile-engine. Both men were standing on the gunwale which runs round the barge, and is only twelve or fifteen inches wide. The deceased was shifting the engine by means of an iron bar or lever; the bar slipped, and he fell into the water. The tide was running up, and he was carried under the barge, which was about the tide. He was not seen afterwards for three quarters of an hour. His body was found thirty yards higher up the river. The bar was recovered in the mud next day when the tide was out. The pile-engine barge was opposite Somerset House wharf at the time in question. The deceased was a native of the Isle of Wight. He was sober at the time of the accident. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Messenger du Midi* states that Dr. Tounette, of Paris, who went to Tonkin to try a new method of curing cholera with cold water, had died there of the fatal disease. The number of deaths from cholera had diminished at Marseilles, Toulon, and La Seyne. The population of Solles-Pont, where the cholera has raged for some time with great violence, has decreased by emigration and death from 3,000 to between 100 and 500. It became necessary to make internments en masse for want of gravediggers.

Dr. Maurin, a physician of Marseilles, publishes a history of the present visitation of cholera to that city. The doctor says that with very few exceptions the disease attacked only those of the lower classes used to commit excesses in food or drink. Barely ten notable persons were carried off by the cholera, and in their cases the attack may be traced to their want of caution. Out of 1,600 fatal cases it has always been possible to ascertain the predisposing cause. Dr. Maurin also describes the prophylactic measures which have proved successful. They may be thus summed up:—Good food, cleanliness, both of houses and persons, soap and water for the latter and whitewashing for the former. The *Moniteur* on Saturday publishes on the same subject a very important report addressed to the Emperor, and drawn up by M. Drouyn de Lhuys and M. Béhier. It states that cholera has been imported into Egypt by the Mussulman pilgrims, and recommends the expediency of promptly calling together a diplomatic conference which should propose practical measures for the better organization of the sanitary service of the East. As our correspondent remarks, the suggestion comes somewhat late, and the two ministers would have shown more wisdom if they had adopted their proposal some six months ago, before the plague had gained a footing in France and Italy. Happily, the disease at Marseilles now seems decidedly on the wane. Toulon is so far free from it that the Mediterranean squadron is about to return from Ajaccio to the roads of Toulon.

The French Court will arrive at Compiègne on the 15th, and remain there forty-five days. There will be four series of guests at the interval of ten days. Great hunting excursions are planned for the amusement of the King of Portugal, and it is added, the Prince of Wales. There are to be two concerts and two theatrical representations every week at the chateau. The King and Queen of Portugal are expected to arrive in Paris and be received at St. Cloud by the Emperor and Empress.

ITALY.

L'Italie announces that the concentration of troops withdrawn from Rome has already commenced at Frosinone and Velletri. The election preparations are also said to be going on rapidly but quietly. Three Italians, all great in their way, have spoken out on the occasion of the coming choice of Italy's parliament: Mazzini, in favour of "no concession;" Azeglio, against any attack on Austria; and, finally, Garibaldi, when asked to use his influence over the voters has written:—

"I do not interfere, nor do I wish to do so, with the elections. Italy is no longer a minor. It is for the people to select their deputies. Wee to them, and grief to us, if the choice be bad."

AMERICA.

The *New York Times* of the 26th has the following remarks on the Fenian movement:—

"The Fenian movement in Ireland, according to the advices received last night by the Moravian, continues to excite alarm in England, and the British Government appears to be quietly, but promptly, taking measures to quell instantly any attempt at open revolt. Little, however, is really known of the numbers or the intentions of the Fenians. The papers are all at sea in regard to the movement, hardly knowing whether to treat it as a ridiculous bugbear, got up for mere political effect, or a serious attempt to precipitate the sister island into revolution. The *London Times* counsels precautionary measures, but professes to regard the whole affair as a piece of wanton agitation, confined to a small portion of the poorer labouring class, and believes it will never come to a genuine revolt. The *Daily News*, on the other hand, sees trouble ahead, unless the Government shall take the earliest opportunity to show its repressive power. It asserts that there is no time to be lost; that the repression must be prompt and complete; and that it would be a mercy to Ireland if every Fenian leader were at once brought to trial. We find no inclination on the part of England to let her 'wayward sister go in peace.' The statement and editors were evinced so much indignation when our Government put forth its strength for the maintenance of the Union conveniently forget their fine phrases when there is danger of an immediate application of their right at home. Nor is the British Government at all ashamed at the prospect of being compelled to 'coerce' a 'sovereign State' into submission. We observe that in addition to the regiments already sent across the Channel, the fleet at Portsmouth has been ordered to cruise off the Irish coast. At the same time we are told that 'Fenianism' had nothing to do with it. Of course not! But if a revolt should break out in Ireland, what a providential coincidence that the fleet should be on hand to afford immediate protection to the seaboard cities and prevent the appearance of Irish privateers!"

GREAT FIRE AT THE BUTE DOCKS.—A fire took place at Cardiff, in Messrs. Hill's graving-dock, by which a valuable ship, named *Commander-in-Chief*, was destroyed. The vessel had been to Bristol with a cargo of guano, and afterwards came to Cardiff, where her owners placed her in their own dock for repairs. About two o'clock on Friday afternoon the fire broke out, near the hinder part of the ship, under the master's cabin; it is believed; and, although the engines were brought to the spot in a very short time, and a vast volume of water poured upon the deck, a considerable time was spent without the least impression being made upon the fire. What was lacking was not energy, not water, not fire-engine power, but skill to make the whole available, by forcing a way through the deck or sides of the ship, so as to reach the seat of the fire. After two hours' work, the fire proved itself the master of the situation, and then exertions were directed to saving surrounding property. A valuable ship, called the *William Wright*, was also in dock, and Messrs. Hill's own property on their repairing yard was in great danger, so much so that it became a question whether the whole would not be destroyed. Happily that catastrophe was averted, and the doomed ship burnt until she was left a mere snarl of charred wood. The fire was not really extinguished until Saturday morning. The Bute dock engine, the two belonging to the town of Cardiff, and a good one from Newport were all engaged. The latter was brought down by road in one hour. Superintendent Huxtable had four horses yoked, and they accomplished the journey in the above-named time—quick time, we think, it may be called. The *Commander-in-Chief* had received on board part of a cargo of patent fuel, and it is supposed that the fire originated with that article. How that may be will probably never be known. The Cardiff underwriters had insured the ship to some extent, we understand, but the owners will sustain a considerable loss. The ship was worth a good deal of money, but as various estimates are given we need not publish the figures.

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General News.

THE *Moniteur du Soir* mentions the death at Orincoles, near Tarbes, of an old artillery soldier named Pierre Gaubert, at the age of 113. He was in most of the battles of the republic and the empire, and fired his last cannon shot at the battle of Toulouse.

LIEUTENANT DZIELNOWSKI, a young Pole, late an officer in the Polish army, committed suicide at his lodgings in George-street, Devonport. He was in straitened circumstances, and shot himself with a pistol.

A young lady belonging to the Sisters of Mercy established at Plymouth attempted to commit suicide on Saturday, by throwing herself into the waters of the creek adjoining Abbey Mere. She was fortunately rescued.

SHORTLY after nine o'clock on Monday morning an accident happened to a man named Thomas Chipperfield, aged about fifty-four. The unfortunate man was engaged in cleaning the windows on the 5th floor at No. 26, Bonny-street, Fleet-street (the *Racing Times* office), and in order the better to effect his purpose on the outside, and not thinking of the danger, he stood out on the balcony. He had not been there long before he was observed to rest his back against the iron work, which immediately afterwards gave way, precipitating the poor fellow on to the pavement. In falling he struck the iron railings in front of the area, and one of the spikes entered his forehead, and broke completely off. He was at once conveyed in an insensible state in a cab to King's College Hospital. His skull is literally smashed.

THE Bishop of Waltham Infirmary is to be opened next month. The foundation stone was laid last year by Princes Leopold and Louis of Hesse.

LIEUT.-GEN. THE HON. SIR JAMES YORKE SCARLETT, K.O.B., has assumed the command of the Aldershot Division, and has expressed in a divisional order his confident reliance on the support of officers of all ranks in carrying out the duties.

THE Marquis de Bellune, brother of the duke, entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice last Monday. The literary world of Paris has been startled by this disappearance of one of its most promising young writers. Last year the marquis attracted considerable attention by his romance "De Mademoiselle Bortha," which he published in "La Revue de Paris." One of his productions had considerable success at the Odéon. The marquis is but twenty-five, but his friends state that he has long felt a vocation for a monk's life, and only waited till he had attained the accepted age.

A CORRESPONDENT of a New York paper writes from Mexico:—"On Maximilian's birthday, the Empress went in state to the Cathedral. She had a magnificent crown on her head, and wore a crimson velvet mantle, all embroidered with stars of gold, over a magnificent white silk dress similarly worked. The carriage in which she reviewed the troops cost £10,000. It is all made of glass and silver fret work, and the columns of solid silver. The inside is lined with white satin and gold lace. The Palace Guard, all men over six feet tall, followed, splendidly dressed, and making a fine appearance."

A BULLOCK AT THE TOP OF A HOUSE.—On Monday morning at Salisbury, the property of Messrs. Snook and Son, butchers, of Salisbury, was being driven along the Butcher-row, it suddenly turned round and darted into the house of Mr. E. Morris, grocer. Being unable to turn in the narrow passage in which it found itself the animal ran up an equally circumscribed staircase to the top of the house (three stories high), and then ran into a small room, used for storing cheese, facing the Market-place. By this time several hundred persons had congregated in front of the house, and considerable excitement was manifested, as the bullock was rather a wild one, and it was believed that it would be quite impossible for it even to get out of the room, as the piles of cheese only allowed just sufficient space for it to stand, much less to turn round. In this dilemma it was proposed to shoot the animal, and a ladder was placed against the house and a gun procured for the purpose, but it was afterwards feared that if the first shot should not prove fatal a scene of an alarming nature would ensue, to say nothing of the disagreeable inconvenience of making a slaughter-house of a store filled with cheese. It was determined, consequently, on second consideration, to try other means before adopting this last resource. It was next, therefore, suggested that if the window could be got open the poor brute would in all probability jump out, notwithstanding the great height. No one, however, seemed inclined to run the risk of mounting the ladder and, being tossed off again in order to raise the sash, and consequently this had to be accomplished by means of a grapple let down from the roof. The bullock, however, when this new mode of egress was opened to him, instead of jumping right out of the window at once, and breaking its neck in the descent, as was expected, contented itself by forcibly ejecting a large tray and box, by means of its horns, into the street, and putting its head out of the window, quietly surveyed the spectators, to the intense amusement particularly of the juvenile portion of the assemblage. Another proposition was ultimately made, which proved more successful, and that was to knock a hole through the wall of an adjoining room and to get at him by means of sticks in that way. This was done, and by a violent effort the bullock, after knocking down and trampling on the cheese, got round and forced his way down stairs again into the street, where he was secured and driven to the slaughterhouse and killed.

CURIOUS BREAK OF A ROBIN.—Last week, whilst two young ladies were playing duets on the pianoforte at a farmhouse near Chester, a robin, who seemed to take great delight in the music, came hopping into the room through the window, and after listening for a short time he flew on to the piano and sang with all his might along with the performers. He also took great delight in viewing himself in a large pier-glass, fancying, of course, that he had there another robin as bold as himself. On the second day robin came again for more music, and this time became quite docile, would fly on to a stick held out to him, suffer himself to be carried about the room, and did not object to a dance by being tossed up and down—robin taking great care to hold fast on to the stick.

A DEAD MAN FOUND AMONGST A CARGO OF COTTON.—The National Steamship Company's new steamship *Queen*, laden with cotton, arrived from New York at Liverpool, and amongst the bale of cotton in the hold, when the cargo was discharged, was found the dead body of a man much decomposed. The labourers having removed about ten bales from No. 2 hatch, found a bundle containing two pairs of trousers, a coat, vest, and a pair of old black shoes, tied in a handkerchief. After removing two bales more they saw the legs of the deceased. The body lay in a crouched position upon its back, and a bale of cotton rested upon the head and chest. With the exception of a shirt and flannel about the shoulders, the body was naked. On the bales near, and on some Indian-corn bags, there were appearances of blood. An inquest was held at the Borough Coroner's Court, when the witnesses stated that they thought it impossible that the deceased could have stowed himself where he was found; or could have been placed there without the knowledge of the stevedores who stowed the cargo at New York. The medical evidence was to the effect that death must have taken place before the vessel left New York, that the face and head had been bruised and the nose broken before death, and that the internal organs were healthy. As far as the decomposition would allow of a description of the body, it was as follows:—Five feet eight inches high, stout build, about thirty-five years of age, sandy whiskers, dark complexion, front of head bald. The verdict of the jury was "Found dead, with injuries, but how the injuries were received there is no evidence to show."

GALLANT FIGHT WITH AN AFRICAN.

THE Cape papers brought by the *Kaffaria*, a mail steamer, which arrived at Falmouth, record a gallant engagement, which had occurred on the 11th inst. between a small party of English and a large force of Zulus. The *Wasp* was lying in the harbour at Zanzibar, and on the 11th inst. a dhow was to sail up to fill up with slaves. A certain night. Two boats—the *plonsee* and on the *Wasp* to intercept the movement. They landed on a small island, guarding the English Passage. Between two and three in the morning they saw a force of over 200 tons, coming down towards them, from under the lee of the island and fired into the air, carrying away her masts, but in this were no dhow immediately bore up, and made for the shore, and as she struck the boat fired a volley, and she was a force of forty. The fighting Arabs, engaged from the shore to the north part of the island clear of danger. The crew of eighteen men; and the officer in charge, seeing that there was serious work to be done, men to board. They succeeded in boarding over with obstinate resistance, and had to fight the on the deck of the dhow. They were greatly outnumbered, but they fought bravely, and although against great odds, when the cutter came at the stern, taking the slavers in the rear, and the vessel. The Arabs seeing they were defeated, and some of them made for the shore. The crew had several men wounded, and the dhow was killed, having been speared through the was very severe. Lieutenant Bling led his and after his sword was broken in the engagement with the hit of it, until he was at last borne down the dhow, just as the Arabs were beaten. He neck, back, and thigh. Several seamen were mentioned that a young midshipman who was with great coolness and courage. He had a hand with a great strong Arab, at whose head he with a ship's cutlass, for some time without fellow wore a large turban; but, at last, carefully against his assailant, he got a favourable chance down to the deck. There were 287 slaves found, who have been taken to Seychelles. There were in the town of Zanzibar after this affair, and the consider it safe to move out of doors for a little threatened to retaliate for this interference with all was quiet again in a few days.

FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

THE *Greenport* (Long Island) *Watchman* says a m. of Sunday last the schooner *Catherine* Maine, was proceeding down the Sound, a abreast of that port, about eight miles off shore, a young man seventeen years of age, named Peter Johnson, formerly a soldier, and now a home, stripped off their clothing and jumped overboard, and while returning a huge shark, just fourteen or fifteen feet long, darted toward him about the middle, and instantly disappeared with him, as he says, about thirty feet deep. He was with the ravenous monster, fearfully lacerating effort. He finally succeeded in grasping the shark by gonging one of its eyes, at the same time he blows about the head, he succeeded in wrestling the man of remarkable physical strength and pluck, in driving him off, and got on board of the schooner by the foretopail clew-line which hung over the terrible teeth had left their mark in many that he was one mass of gore. There were several distinct wounds on his person. The abdomen on side was fearfully mangled, the flesh being torn by the skin only, nothing but the thin lining of the abdomen preventing the entrails from gushing out. The wounds were laid bare, and the nerves completely left side of the abdomen was another wound, but less extensive; the right thigh was very badly lacerated, but his indomitable courage and physical strength enabled him to escape alive. The shark must have been known as "man-eater," which are common in Long Island Sound. The common shoveler waters seldom, if ever, attack mankind. Johnson and although in a very precarious situation, there is his ultimate recovery."

NOVELTIES IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.—The well known to passengers on the river as her peculiar shape—will as at present arranged the premises of her builders, Messrs. Harpur 17th instant. An experimental vessel on an engine is about to be laid down by an eminent shipbuilder, who has patented the invention. Light draught roller ship, or water chariot. The in supporting a car or vessel above the water shafts passing through rotary hollow drums or made to revolve on their axes by steam or water. This car or vessel, constructed to carry passengers, supported by the buoyancy of the drums, above the water level. The advantages of the consist in increased speed at a much less expenditure of power and fuel, and from the light draught of from shoals, rocks, &c.

A LITTLE HERO.—The *Greenock Advertiser* instances of self-command and conscientiousness. A little boy of about five years of age, who fell into a syrup cistern, but managed to those who heard his sharp shriek could get to the time he fell he was engaged in shifting the full cistern to an empty one, and having lost the ladder was plunged headlong into the hot liquid. On getting out he was covered all over was in an intense state of excitement and agony. A number of the men at once got hold of him, affording him relief, but in an instant he slipped and, to their astonishment, replaced the ladder, refusing all help he insisted on completing his task, and then put himself into the hands of his men, by whom his clothes were removed, and with oil. He seemed very much burnt. The tion to duty displayed by the little fellow, who, clating pain excited the greatest surprise among nessed it, and his employers have presented him mark of their admiration. His agility in escaping cistern prevented more serious injury, and he bably at work again.

YOUNG'S ASSORTED CORN AND BRISTOL PLASTER. Invited for giving immediate ease. Price 6d. each. The Trade Mark—H. Y.—without which name are no antiseptic chemicals in town and country. Wholesale, 21, Shaftebury-place, Aldersgate-street, E.C. London.

General News.

du Sol mentions the death at Orinols, near Tarbes, of a soldier named Pierre Gaubert, at the age of 113, of the battles of the republic and the empire, and non shot at the battle of Toulouse.

DIKESLOWSKI, a young Pole, late an officer in the Russian army, committed suicide at his lodgings in George-street, was in straitened circumstances, and shot himself.

belonging to the Sisters of Mercy established at peters to commit suicide on Saturday, by throwing herself from the creek adjoining Abbey More. She was dead.

At nine o'clock on Monday morning an accident happened named Thomas Chipperfield, aged about fifty-five, was engaged in cleaning the windows at No. 26, Bouvierie-street. Fleet-street (the Racing) in order the better to effect his purpose on the thinking of the danger, he stood out on the balcony, there long before he was observed to rest his back work, which immediately afterwards gave way, poor fellow on to the pavement. In falling he fell in front of the area, and one of the spikes head, and broke completely off. He was at once removed to a cab to King's College Hospital. He is now recovering.

Walham Infirmary is to be opened next month. The stone was laid last year by Princess Leopold and

THE HON. SIR JAMES YORKE SCARLETT, K.O.B., command of the Aldershot Division, and has extensive order his confident reliance on the support ranks in carrying out the duties.

de Bellune, brother of the duke, entered the Seminary last Monday. The literary world of Paris has this disappearance of one of its most promising. Last year the marquis attracted considerable attention "De Mademoiselle Bertha," which La pub- lished de Paris." One of his productions had come at the Odeon. The marquis is but twenty-five, and he has long felt a vocation for a monk's life till he had attained the accepted age.

On the birthday of the Empress went in state to the cathedral, she had a magnificent crown on her head, and wore a mantle, all embroidered with stars of gold, over a white dress similarly worked. The carriage in which she rode cost £10,000. It is all made of fret work, and the columns of solid silver. The wheels were of white satin and gold lace. The Palestine Guard, 1000 strong, followed, splendidly dressed, and making a fine show.

AT THE TOP OF A HOUSE.—On Monday morning property of Messrs. Snook and Son, butchers, of being driven along the Butcher-row, it suddenly darted into the house of Mr. E. Morris, grocer, in turn in the narrow passage in which it found it ran up an equally circumscribed staircase to the top of the house, and then ran into a small room, where, facing the Market-place. By this time a large number of persons had congregated in front of the house, and a great commotion was manifested, as the bullock was rather it was believed that it would be quite impossible for out of the room, as the piles of cheese only allowed it to stand, much less to turn round. In was proposed to shoot the animal, and a ladder was the house and a gun procured for the purpose, but it was feared that if the first shot should not prove fatal, the animal would make a dash for the street, and the convenience of making a slaughter-house of a store room. It was determined, consequently, on second thoughts, to try other means before adopting this last resource. It was suggested that if the window could be got round in all probability jump out, notwithstanding height. No one, however, seemed inclined to mounting the ladder and being tossed off again in the street, and consequently this had to be accomplished by a rope let down from the roof. The bullock, however, a new mode of egress was opened to him, instead of out of the window at once, and breaking his neck in was expelled, contented itself by forcibly ejecting a box, by means of its horns, into the street, and put at the window, quietly surveyed the spectators, to amusement particularly of the juvenile portion of the town. Another proposition was ultimately made, which was successful, and that was to knock a hole through the lining room and to get at him by means of sticks in was done, and by a violent effort the bullock, after and trampling on the cheese, got round and forced its way into the street, where he was secured by the slaughterhouse and killed.

SAK OF A ROBIN.—Last week, whilst two young boys were on the piano-forte at a farmhouse near a, who seemed to take great delight in the music, into the room through the window, and after listening he flew on to the piano and sang with all his might the performers. He also took great delight in a large pier-glass, fancying, of course, that he was a robin as bold as himself. On the second day he came for more music, and this time became quite vain on to a stick held out to him, suffer himself to sit on the roof, and did not object to a dance by being down—robin taking great care to hold fast on to

FOUND AMONGST A CARGO OF COTTON.—The ship's Company's new steamer Queen, laden with cotton from New York at Liverpool, and amongst the bale the hold, when the cargo was discharged, was found of a man much decomposed. The labourers having ten bales from No. 2 hatch, found a bundle containing a coat, vest, and a pair of old blue trousers. After removing two bales more they found the deceased. The body lay in a crouched position and a pile of cotton rested upon the head and chest of a shirt and flannel about the shoulders, the head. On the bales near, and on some Indian-corn are appearances of blood. An inquest was held at coroner's Court, when the witnesses stated that they found the deceased could have stowed himself found; or could have been placed there without the stowage who stowed the cargo at New York. Evidence was to the effect that death must have taken place before the vessel left New York, that the face and head had and the nose broken before death, and that the internal of the body, it was as follows:—Five feet eight inches tall, about thirty-five years of age, sandy hair, blue eyes, front of head bald. The verdict of the jury was, with injuries, but how the injuries were received does not show.

GALLANT FIGHT WITH AN AFRICAN SLAVER.

THE Cape papers brought by the Kaffaria, which arrived at Falmouth, record a gallant engagement, although unfortunately attended with fatal results, which had occurred between the boats of H.M.S. Wasp and an Arab slave dhow on the East Coast. While the Wasp was lying in the harbour at Zanzibar information was received that a dhow was to fill up with slaves and run out on a certain night. Two boats—the pinnace and cutter—were sent from the Wasp to intercept the movement. They lay-to at the back of a small island, awaiting the English Passage during the night. Between two and three in the morning they saw the dhow, a vessel of over 200 tons, coming down towards them. The boat came out from under the lee of the island and fired into her, with the object of carrying away her masts, but in this was not successful. The dhow immediately bore up, and made for the pinnace to run her down, and as she struck the boat fired a volley of musketry and spears into her. There was a force of forty-six men on board—all fighting Arabs, engaged from the shore to run the slave to the north part of the island clear of danger. The pinnace had only a crew of eighteen men; and the officer in charge, Lieutenant Bling, seeing that there was serious work to be done, gave the order to his men to board. They succeeded in boarding over the bows, but met with obstinate resistance, and had to fight their way inch by inch on the deck of the dhow. They were gradually making way, although against great odds, when the cutter came up and boarded at the stern, taking the slaves in the rear, and soon had possession of the vessel. The Arabs seeing they were defeated, jumped overboard, and some of them made for the shore. The Wasp's boat's crew had several men wounded, and the cookswain of the pinnace was killed, having been speared through the body. The fighting was very severe. Lieutenant Bling led his men most gallantly; and after his sword was broken in the engagement, he still fought with the hull of it, until he was at last borne down in the bottom of the dhow, just as the Arabs were beaten. He was wounded in the neck, back, and thigh. Several seamen were also wounded. It is mentioned that a young midshipman who was in the cutter fought with great coolness and courage. He had a hand-to-hand encounter with a great strong Arab, at whose head he aimed several blows with a ship's cutlass, for some time without impression, as the fellow wore a large turban; but, at last, carefully guarding himself against his assailant, he got a favourable chance and cut the fellow down to the deck. There were 287 slaves found on board the dhow, who have been taken to Seychelles. There were great excitement in the town of Zanzibar after this affair, and the Europeans did not consider it safe to move out of doors for a little time, as the Arabs threatened to retaliate for this interference with their brood; but all was quiet again in a few days.

FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

THE Greenport (Long Island) Watchman says:—"At about nine a.m. of Sunday last the schooner Catherine Wilcox, of Lubec, Maine, was proceeding down the Sound, and while becalmed abreast of that port, about eight miles off shore, the captain and a young man seventeen years of age, named Peter Johnson, belonging to Maine, formerly a soldier, and now working his passage home, stripped off their clothing and jumped overboard for a swim. Johnson swam a few rods from the vessel to pick up a small piece of wood, and while returning a huge shark, judged to have been fourteen or fifteen feet long, darted toward him and seized him about the middle, and instantly disappeared with him, dragging him down, as he says, about thirty feet deep. He struggled and fought with the voracious monster, fearfully lacerating his right arm in the effort. He finally succeeded in grasping the shark by the head and by gouging one of his eyes, at the same time dealing him powerful blows about the head, he succeeded in wresting himself free. He then swam to the schooner pursued by the monster, but being a man of remarkable physical strength and pluck, he finally succeeded in driving him off, and got on board of the schooner, pulling himself up by the foretopmast cross-tree which hung overboard, but not until the terrible teeth had left their mark in many a ghastly wound, so that he was one mass of gore. There were some thirty-four distinct wounds on his person. The abdomen and groin of the right side was fearfully mangled, the flesh being torn off and left hanging by the skin only, nothing but the thin lining membrane of the abdomen preventing the entrails from gushing out, the femoral vessels were laid bare, and the nerves completely exposed. On the left side of the abdomen was another wound similar in character, but less extensive; the right thigh was very badly torn and gashed. Nothing but his indomitable courage and physical vigour enabled him to escape alive. The shark must have been of the species known as "man-eater," which are common in low latitudes, but are rarely seen in shoal water. The common shovel-nose shark of our waters seldom, if ever, attack mankind. Johnson is still living, and although in a very precarious situation, there is yet some hope of his ultimate recovery."

NOVELTIES IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.—The novel steam vessel—well known to passengers on the river as the cigar ship, from her peculiar shape—will at present arranged be launched from the premises of her builders, Messrs. Hapworth, Millwall, on the 15th instant. An experimental vessel on an entirely new principle is about to be laid down by an eminent shipbuilding firm for the projectors, who have patented the invention. It is described as the light draught roller ship, or water chariot. This invention consists in supporting a car or vessel above the water level on axles or shafts passing through rotary hollow drums or cylinders which are made to revolve on their axes by steam or other motive power. This car or vessel, constructed to carry passengers and freight, is supported by the buoyancy of the drums, and kept suspended above the water level. The advantages of the invention are said to consist in increased speed at a much less expenditure of motive power and fuel, and from the light draught of water, greater safety from shoals, rocks, &c.

A LITTLE HERO.—The Greenock Advertiser reports a remarkable instance of self-command and conscientiousness exhibited in the Glebe sugar house by a little boy of about twelve years of age, who fell into a syrup cistern, but managed to climb out before those who heard his sharp shriek could get to his assistance. At the time he fell he was engaged in shifting the conductor from a full cistern to an empty one, and having lost his footing on the ladder he was plunged headlong into the hot and nearly boiling liquid. On getting out he was covered all over with syrup, and was in an intense state of excitement and evidently severely burnt. A number of the men at once got hold of him for the purpose of affording him relief, but in an instant he slipped out of their hands, and, to their astonishment, replaced the ladder in its position, and refusing all help he insisted on completing his work, because he knew that if others unacquainted to it attempted to change the conductor the liquor would be lost. He deliberately completed his task, and then put himself into the hands of his master and workmen, by whom his clothes were removed, and then soothed him with oil. He seemed very much burnt. The conscientious attention to duty displayed by the little fellow while suffering excruciating pain excited the greatest surprise among the men who witnessed it, and his employers have presented him with a substantial mark of their admiration. His agility in escaping at once from the cistern prevented more serious injury, and by this time he is probably at work again.

YOUNG'S ARCHITECTURAL CORN AND BURNON PLASTERS are the best ever invented for a very important case. Price 6s. 6d. per box. Observe the Trade Mark—H. Y.—without which name are no value. May be had of respectable chemists in town and country. Wholesale Manufacturers: 21, St. Paul's Church-yard, Aldersgate-street, E.C. London.—Advertisement.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH AND SUSPECTED POISONING.

On Monday, Mr. Hardwicke, the deputy of Dr. Lankaster, opened an inquiry at the Albion Hotel, Southampton-row, relative to the death of a man named Philip Jacob Minde, who died under very peculiar circumstances at a coffee-house near Holborn. The wife of deceased was first called, and she stated that her late husband, who was an Hungarian by birth and an interpreter by profession, left his home, 31, Robertson's-road, Victoria-park, at about nine o'clock on Thursday morning week, apparently in good health and that at six or seven in the evening she was called to a coffee-house in Orange-street, Bloomsbury, where she found him dead. James Cox, a wood-turner, of Marlborough-road, Peckham, stated that on the Thursday he was out with deceased, whom he had known for several years, and they went drinking together on that day at different places. They had dinner off veal, of which deceased ate very heartily. Witnesses then walked into Holborn, where he got into conversation with a stranger, a foreigner, who had asked to be directed to some part of the town, and after speaking with this man about America, witness asked him to have a glass of ale, and on his consenting they went together into a house where deceased was then with another man. Some conversation arose as to the changing of foreign money, and deceased left with the stranger for the avowed purpose of getting some money changed, and returned about two hours after, about three o'clock in the afternoon, in the same man's company. He complained of being ill, and said he believed he had been poisoned. He told them that he had had some white wine and cake, and he expressed himself as believing that the cake was poisoned. They went together to a coffee-house in Orange-street to have some coffee, and at that place, at the suggestion of the stranger, deceased was accommodated with a bed, and a doctor was fetched. A conveyance was sent for to take him home, but when it arrived the man was dead. Joseph Langens, the foreigner who met the last witness, stated that he was a merchant trading in watches, and corroborated the statement of the last witness as to the manner in which he got acquainted with deceased and his companions. He had been three days in London. He went on to state that on going out with deceased they went to an hotel in Windmill-street, Haymarket, where they had some white French wine together, and deceased had a biscuit. Deceased complained of feeling ill, and they took a cab and drove round the park before going back to the house where they had left the last witness and another man, Frederick William Bowman, of 18, Park-street, Islington, who described himself as a seller of wine and brandy on commission, stated that he was drinking with deceased and Cox on the Thursday, and was present when the foreigner and deceased went together to change some money, and when they came back to the public-house. Deceased on coming back complained of feeling ill, and he declared to witnesses in German that he was poisoned, that the strange American gentleman had put a cake in his wine, which he had swallowed, and to this he attributed his illness. The last witness advised him to have a cup of strong coffee, and they all four went to a coffee-house in Orange-street. Four cups of "black coffee" were ordered—that is coffee without sugar or milk; but deceased was too ill to take any, and the landlady having agreed to allow him to lie upon a bed, he was assisted up-stairs, and a doctor sent for. Dr. Roberts, of 78, Lamb's Conduit-street, deposed to being called to deceased in the afternoon, and to finding him in an upper room of a coffee-house in Orange-street. The man was well dressed and about fifty years of age. His countenance was deathly pale, large drops of perspiration stood on the forehead, the hands and arms cold, and pulse very feeble. He said he had been poisoned. Stimulants were given, and vomiting of large masses of badly masticated and undigested pieces of meat followed. Hot water and mustard plasters were applied, but a short time after death ensued, from, to all appearance, a fit of epilepsy. A post mortem was made twenty-three hours after death by witnesses, in presence of Dr. H. Jackson and Dr. S. P. Gibson, and from the detailed statement given of this, it appeared on opening the head the dura mater was found much congested, the stomach was somewhat diseased, the liver, spleen, kidneys, and the spinal cord were much congested. The witnesses said he might theorize and say that the man died from apoplexy caused by irritation of the cerebro-spinal system through injudicious feeding on an altered or diseased condition of the stomach and duodenum, in other words from an attack of epilepsy; but taking into account the extraordinary circumstances of the case, and for the satisfaction of the jury and friends of deceased, in the absence of more sufficient cause of death, he suggested the advisability of a further examination of the stomach of deceased by having it submitted to analysis. The deputy-coroner asked the witness if he should have arrived at this conclusion had he not heard of the wine and cake; whether, in fact, there were not sufficient marks of disease in the body to account for death. Dr. Roberts said he should hesitate very much before he answered that cause of death had been shown by the post mortem. The coroner then summed up the evidence, and the jury, after some deliberation, decided that they would hear other medical evidence, and they desired that an analysis should be made of the stomach and its contents.

A GENTLEMAN KILLED BY HIS SON.—The commune of St. Andre, near Troyes, Aube, France, was thrown into consternation three days since by the death of its mayor, M. Gamby, under most distressing circumstances. M. Gamby's son wished to marry a young person of the neighbourhood, but his parents opposed the match. After a vain endeavour to obtain his father's consent, the young man seized a gun and threatened to shoot himself. His father then attempted to get possession of the gun, but it went off during the struggle and lodged the charge in the father's thigh, inflicting a wound which rendered immediate amputation indispensable. The operation was performed, but the wounded man died a few hours after.

BURGLARY IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—An audacious burglary was committed in the little village of Histon (between two and three miles from Cambridge) on Sunday morning last. In a detached farmhouse, though nearly in the centre of the village, an old lady, fourscore years of age, named Taylor, resides, and hitherto has slept there alone. Mrs. Taylor is a lady of most amiable manners, but through life has been noted for eccentricity and somewhat peculiar habits. She kept no servants on the premises, but had assistance in the housework in the daytime. The farm attached to the house is her property, but she lets this to her grandson, Mr. Rowley, jun., of Histon. The first Mrs. Taylor heard of any stranger being within her domain was some time between one and three on Sunday morning, when she was awakened by a man, who, standing by her bedside, demanded her "money or her life." In regular burglar fashion, and laid his hand upon her throat, though not so as to hurt her. She got out of bed, and being unable to find the keys of the drawers where her money was deposited, the man called out, "Jem, Jem, bring a light!" but Mrs. Taylor did not detect any movement below. Mrs. Taylor's assistant then struck a match, which afforded sufficient light for her to unlock the drawer, and thence she handed him a purse containing £18 in gold. The thief then retired down-stairs. Mrs. Taylor then returned to bed, and remained there till a man came as usual to work on the farm, when she sent for P. C. Osio, of the county police. All the drawers and cupboards downstairs had been ransacked, but nothing carried off except some lacework, biscuits, some wine, and, curious spite for a burglar, some raw eggs. In the drawer whence the money was taken was a basket containing a small quantity of plate, but this escaped observation. The thief, or thieves—for whether "Jem" was a myth or not is not clear at present—regard themselves heartily below, and mindful of the narrow, carried provisions away with them.

SHOCKING MURDER OF A MOTHER AND HER INFANT IN EDINBURGH.

[From the *Caledonian Mercury*.]

On Thursday forenoon a dreadful double murder was committed at the Grange, Edinburgh, the painful character of which was aggravated by the fact that the victims were the mother and the sister of the perpetrator of the awful crime. The facts of this tragic occurrence appear to be as follows:—

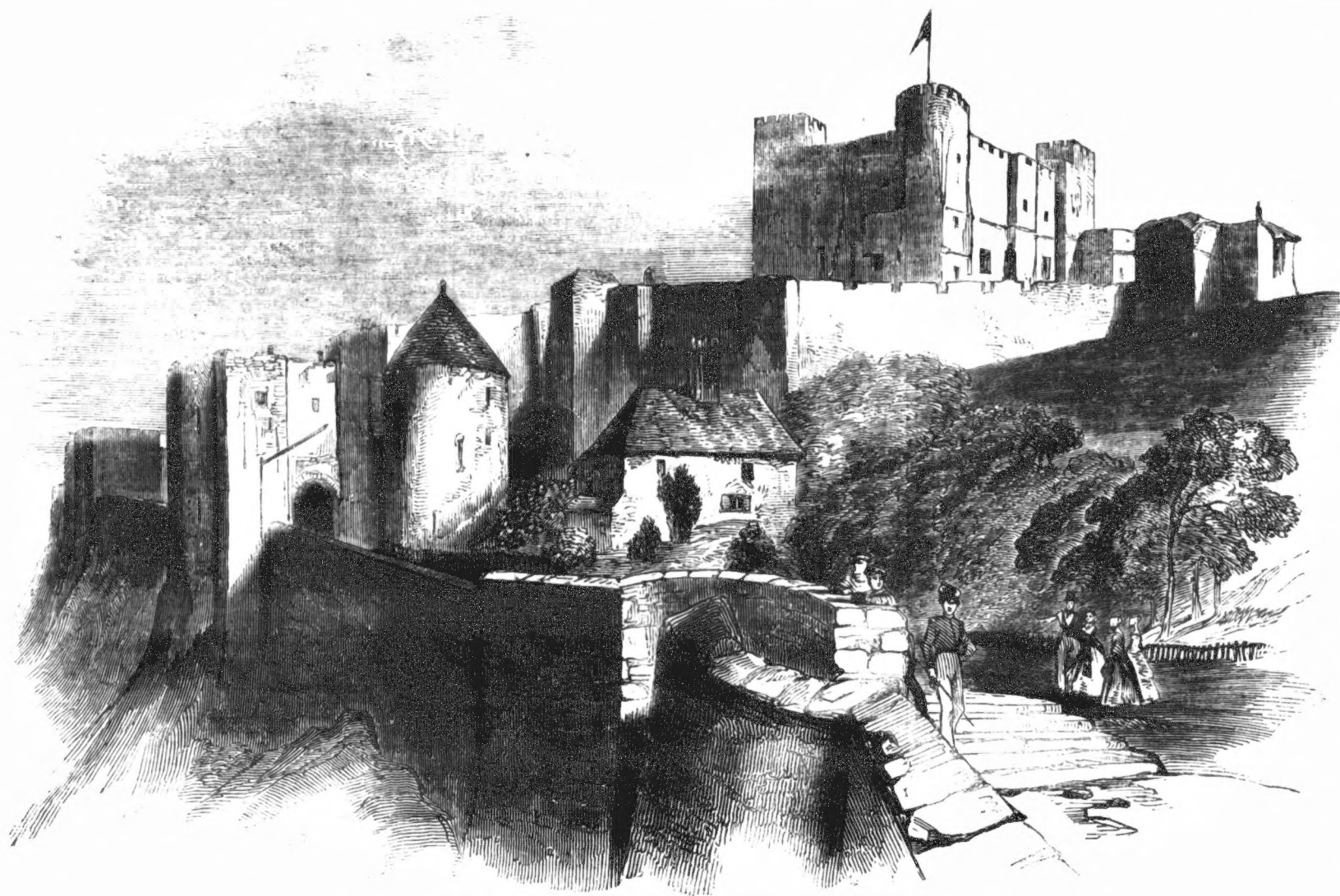
The murderer is a man named John Hunter, who is about twenty-seven years of age, and the son of Mr. Robert Hunter, who is in business as a sculptor at Preston-street, and has his private residence at 6, Dalrymple-crescent, Grange. The dwelling-house at which the murder was committed is one of these well-kept villas, of which so many have been erected in the neighbourhood of the Grange during the last few years, and has a small garden plot in front, which is enclosed by a railing. The family, who occupied a respectable position in society, consisted of five persons—namely, Mr. Hunter; his wife, who was a very young woman, aged; their daughter Elizabeth, who was about forty years of age; and two sons, David and John. They kept no servant, the ordinary household duties being performed by the mother and daughter. Mr. Hunter has had a large family of sons, but several of them are dead, and the others, with the exception of the two residing with him at Dalrymple-crescent, are married. John, the son by whom the awful deed has been perpetrated, until within the last five or six years used to attend at his father's yard, and give him some little assistance in his business. For fully the last five years, however, such decided indications of insanity have presented themselves that he has not been allowed to go from home. While there has been no actual restraint placed upon him, he has been confined closely to the house—so closely, indeed, that several of the neighbours in the adjoining villas were not aware that he had been living in the house at all until they were startled yesterday by learning of the tragic occurrence that had taken place. He seems to have had some strange peculiarities in his manner and personal habits, and amongst others he never wore a hat, and suffered his hair to grow without ever being cut, so that it was exceedingly long, and hung down his back in clusters like a woman's. The cause of his mental derangement is said to have been religion.

The above morning the five members of the family breakfasted together, as usual, between nine and ten o'clock, and at this time nothing extraordinary appears to have been remarked in the appearance or deportment of the father and son. The father and David, the younger son, having finished their meal, left the house a little before ten o'clock to attend to their business, leaving Mrs. Hunter, her daughter, and John the only inmates of the house, besides a charwoman who had been engaged to do some washing for the family. Shortly afterwards John went out and walked about in the garden plot in front of the house. Whilst thus occupied his mother came out and wished him to return indoors, but he seemed reluctant to comply with her request. She then placed herself immediately in front of him, as if to prevent him from continuing to pace up and down. It would almost seem as if he had premeditated some violent action, and this slight interference with his liberty had given him the occasion to commit it, for he had previously picked up a bar of iron and secreted it under his waistcoat. This piece of iron was part of a railing that was being put up at the back part of the house, and was about fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and fully an inch in diameter. This formidable weapon he drew from his breast, and inflicted two violent blows upon his mother, striking her upon the head. The first blow seemed to render the poor old lady perfectly senseless, and she fell to the ground without uttering a cry. His sister Elizabeth happened to come to the door just at the moment, and, witnessing this frightful attack upon her mother, at once rushed forward with extended arms for her protection. This drew the attention of the murderer to his sister, and with one blow she was also felled senseless to the ground. The two unhappy victims lying thus down, the murderer, with fiendish fury, dealt both repeated and violent blows, completely smashing their skulls, and scattering their brains about in all directions. The attention of the washerwoman was directed to the spot, and seeing what was taking place, and terrified by the frightful and savage conduct of the madman, she fled to the back of the house, and sought to escape his notice by taking refuge in an outbuilding. She concealed herself with the utmost trepidation, and did not dare to venture forth until the assassin had been secured.

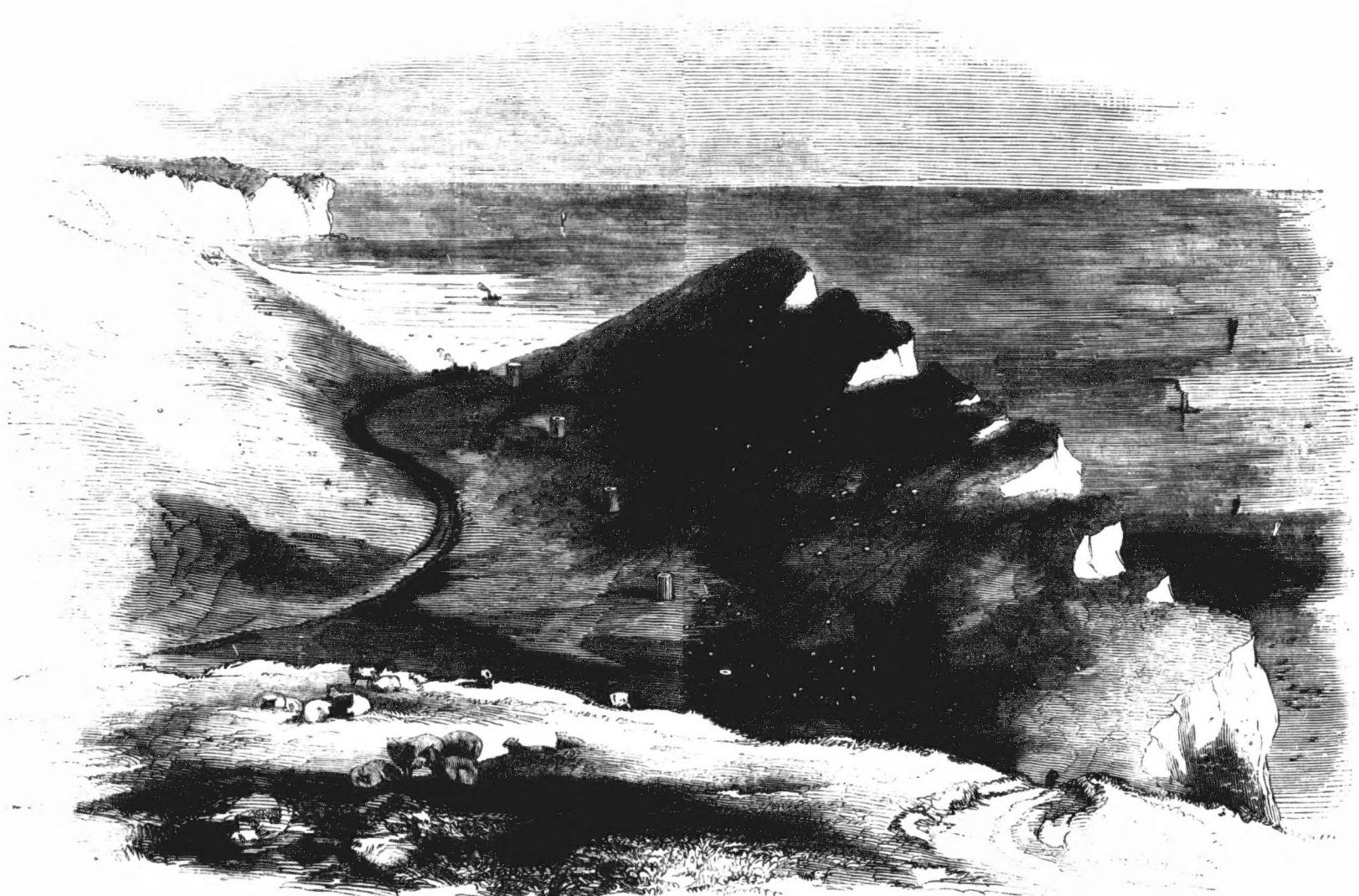
While this dreadful tragedy was being enacted, a party of masons were at work at a new house being erected in the immediate vicinity. These workmen state that they did not hear any cry or scream when the two unfortunate women were struck down, but one of them had his attention attracted by the succession of heavy thumps caused by the murderer repeating the blows upon the heads of his bleeding and senseless victims. This induced him to inquire what was the cause of these sounds, and then the actual state of matters was ascertained. A little girl, who chanced to be passing the house on her way to school, was accosted by the murderer, who said to her, "My good woman, can you get me some water for this lady who is down here?" The appearance of the madman so frightened the little girl that she ran off to school in great alarm, where she told what had occurred, and it of course created a profound sensation. It was some little time before assistance could be procured and the murderer taken into custody. About half an hour elapsed before any one could get near the two unfortunate ladies who had come to such a premature end, and when access to them was obtained a most sickening spectacle was presented. The heads of both mother and daughter were frightfully mutilated by the repeated blows that had been inflicted upon them, portions of the brain were scattered about, and from the spot where the two females lay a stream of blood flowed underneath the gate on to the pavement outside. The irrepressible cause of this dreadful scene was sitting in the garden, looking on with the utmost composure, and apparently quite unconscious of the awful deed he had committed. As soon as policemen could be obtained he was secured, and the iron bar which he still retained in his pocket, was taken from him, whilst he himself was conveyed in a cab to the police-office. His singular appearance attracted a large crowd, at the door of the office as he alighted from the cab, and his long hair streaming down his back caused some of the individuals in the crowd to observe that it was "a female dressed in man's clothes." The appearance of the prisoner when in the police-office was decidedly indicative of insanity. He had a wild, excited look, and at the same time quite an idiotic expression of countenance. He is dark complexioned, of spare build, and apparently rather under-sized. In answer to the question what his name was, he only replied by an inarticulate and meaningless utterance, and all attempts to get him to speak were in vain. About one o'clock he was handed over to the care of Mr. Ferguson, the sheriff officer, who asked the prisoner if he was willing to accompany him. The prisoner asked where he meant to take him. The sheriff officer replied, "To where you came from." The prisoner expressed his willingness to accompany him, and he was accordingly conveyed back to the dwelling-house at Dalrymple-crescent in a cab, in charge of several of the authorities, for the purpose of being formally examined on the charge of murder. This having been completed, he was brought back and lodged in the Calton Jail.

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1813. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings and all kinds of Strings. Lists from 29, Moorfields, London.—(Advertisement.)

GENTLEMEN ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by insisting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off and are fitted at the rate of five per minute. Bussey's Buttons, 12, New Street, W.C.—(Advertisement.)



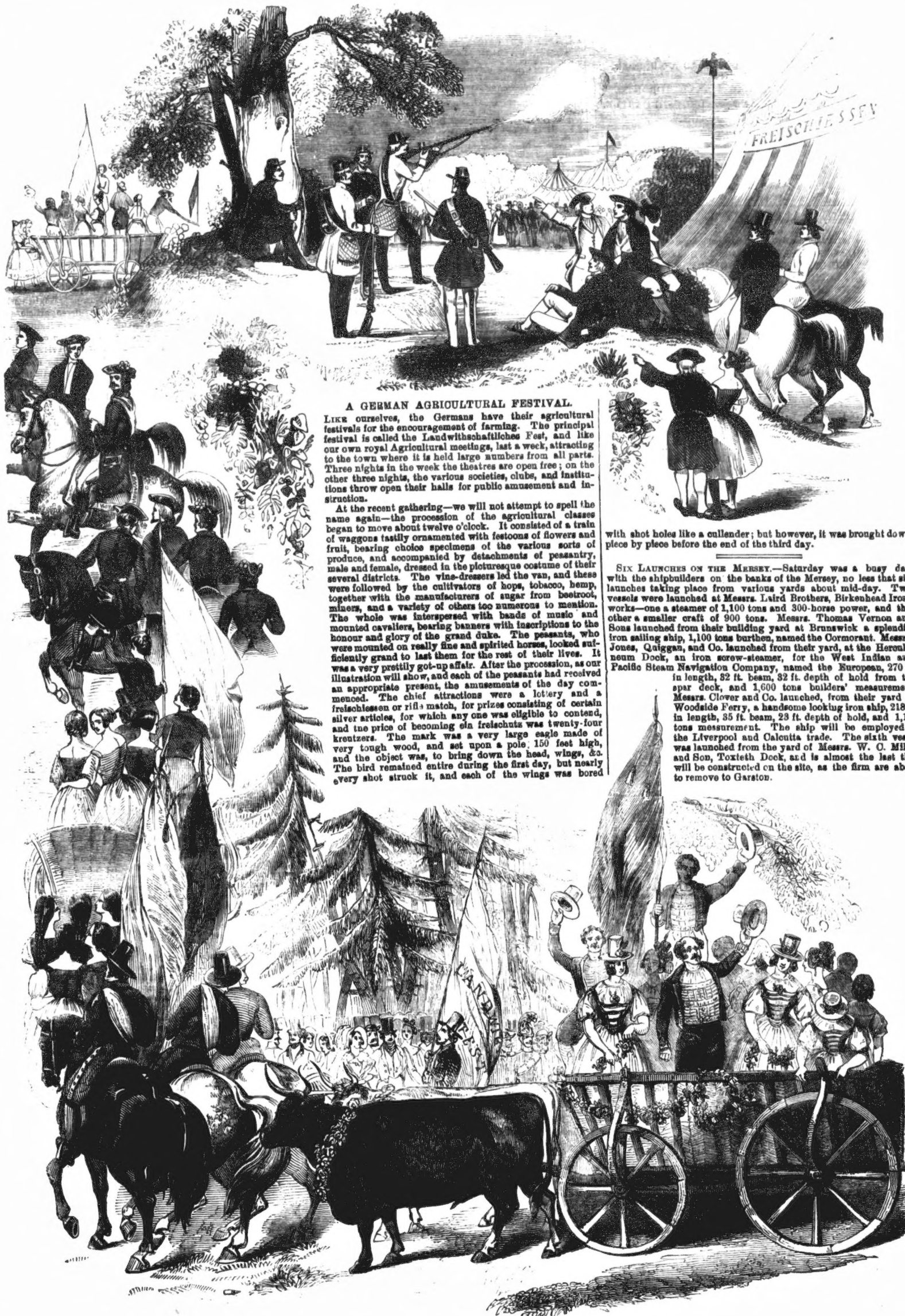
THE EXCURSIONIST.—THE KEEP OF DOVER CASTLE. (See page 279.)



THE EXCURSIONIST.—SHAKSPERE'S CLIFF—THE SUMMIT. (See page 279.)



[Oct. 14, 1865.]



A GERMAN AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL.

LIKE ourselves, the Germans have their agricultural festivals for the encouragement of farming. The principal festival is called the Landwirthschaftliches Fest, and like our own royal Agricultural meetings, last week, attracting to the town where it is held large numbers from all parts. Three nights in the week the theatres are open free; on the other three nights, the various societies, clubs, and institutions throw open their halls for public amusement and instruction.

At the recent gathering—we will not attempt to spell the name again—the procession of the agricultural classes began to move about twelve o'clock. It consisted of a train of waggons tastily ornamented with festoons of flowers and fruit, bearing choice specimens of the various sorts of produce, and accompanied by detachments of peasantry, male and female, dressed in the picturesque costume of their several districts. The vine-dressers led the van, and these were followed by the cultivators of hops, tobacco, hemp, together with the manufacturers of sugar from beetroot, miners, and a variety of others too numerous to mention. The whole was interspersed with bands of music and mounted cavaliers, bearing banners with inscriptions to the honour and glory of the grand duke. The peasants, who were mounted on really fine and spirited horses, looked sufficiently grand to last them for the rest of their lives. It was a very prettily got-up affair. After the procession, as our illustration will show, and each of the peasants had received an appropriate present, the amusements of the day commenced. The chief attractions were a lottery and a freischieszen or rifle match, for prizes consisting of certain silver articles, for which any one was eligible to contend, and the price of becoming ein freischutz was twenty-four kreutzers. The mark was a very large eagle made of very tough wood, and set upon a pole 150 feet high, and the object was, to bring down the head, wings, &c. The bird remained entire during the first day, but nearly every shot struck it, and each of the wings was bored

with shot holes like a cullender; but however, it was brought down piece by piece before the end of the third day.

SIX LAUNCHES ON THE MERSEY.—Saturday was a busy day with the shipbuilders on the banks of the Mersey, no less than six launches taking place from various yards about mid-day. Two vessels were launched at Messrs. Laird Brothers, Birkenhead Iron-works—one a steamer of 1,100 tons and 300-horse power, and the other a smaller craft of 900 tons. Messrs. Thomas Vernon and Sons launched from their building yard at Brunswick a splendid iron sailing ship, 1,100 tons burthen, named the Cormorant. Messrs. Jones, Quiggin, and Co. launched from their yard, at the Heron-Neum Dock, an iron screw-steamer, for the West Indian and Pacific Steam Navigation Company, named the European, 270 ft. in length, 32 ft. beam, 32 ft. depth of hold from the spar deck, and 1,600 tons builders' measurement. Messrs. Clover and Co. launched, from their yard at Woodside Ferry, a handsome looking iron ship, 218 ft. in length, 35 ft. beam, 23 ft. depth of hold, and 1,180 tons measurement. The ship will be employed in the Liverpool and Calcutta trade. The sixth vessel was launched from the yard of Messrs. W. O. Miller and Son, Toxteth Dock, and is almost the last that will be constructed on the site, as the firm are about to remove to Garston.

THE LATE HARVEST.—A GERMAN CELEBRATION OF HARVEST HOME.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—After the removal of summer and autumn flowering plants, get in some hardy evergreen shrubs, such as laurels, laurustinus, hollies, rhododendrons, &c. Plant every description of bulbs before the ground becomes too wet. Carnations and pinks should be potted or planted out. Look over pansies and polyanthus for slugs. Protect all plants that will not stand the severity of winter.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Whatever spare ground there may be, let the same be deeply dug and trenched, and planted with coleworts, kale, savoy, cabbage plants, and indeed, other sorts remaining in seed-beds. Earth up celery, being careful to keep the leaves well together. Finish planting lettuce and cauliflower, or secure them in their winter quarters. Take up beet, and secure them in sand. Cut down old flower-stalks of artichokes, remove some of the large outside leaves, and cover the roots. Clear away the decayed leaves of rhubarb and sea-kale, and cover the roots with short litter or tan. Continue taking up main crops of potatoes. Parsnips may be left in the ground. Mushroom beds should now be ready for use. If the heat of the bed has declined to about forty-five or fifty degrees, the spawn should be put in, breaking the cakes into eight or ten pieces. The bed should be covered about two or three inches with mould, and well flattened down with the back of the spade, the whole covered with dry straw eight inches or a foot in depth.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Make fresh plantations of currants and gooseberries, and propagate by cuttings. Plant cherries and plums. When planting, spread the roots out carefully, and work the soil between them with the hand. Root-prune where trees are growing too luxuriant. Gather all remaining fruit.

THE EXCURSIONIST.—DOVER CASTLE AND SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF.

CONTINUING our excursion sketches, we this week give a view of Dover Castle and Shakespeare's Cliff. The castle stands on an eminence on the south-east side of the valley, and consists of an immense collection of ancient and modern works, occupying an area of about thirty acres. It is approached by a bold ascent, but is itself commanded by the higher ground on the west and south-west. There are remains of ramparts, and of a temple, bath, and Pharos, supposed to be of Roman construction. Previously to the last French war the works were much dilapidated; but they were then repaired and greatly augmented. There are upper and lower courts, surrounded, except towards the sea, by a deep ditch, and by dry ditches; in the centre of the former is a spacious keep, built by Henry III., and now forming a bomb-proof magazine. The curtain of the lower court is flanked at irregular intervals, by ten towers, of various construction—the oldest built by Earl Godwin, the others at different times during the Norman dynasty; with these subterranean passages communicate with the ditch. There are also four or five ancient walls, excavated to the depth of 870 feet. The modern works consist of batteries, with heavy artillery, casemates, covered ways, a large vault, &c., excavated in the chalk; barracks, &c.; capable of lodging 2,000 troops. The Lord warden of the Cinque Ports is now always constable of the castle. The heights on the south side of the valley were also strongly fortified during the last war. An ancient hospital, called the Maison Dieu, was converted into a victualling office in 1555. There is also a military hospital on the south side of the town.

Dover was a station of the Romans, by whom it was called Dubris; and being situated nearer to the Continent than any other town in England, it was long regarded as of the highest importance, and as being, in fact, the key of the kingdom. At Svingfield, near the town, are the remains of a preceptory of the Knights Templars, where King John surrendered his crown, and received it back from the Pope's legate, in acknowledgment of superiority. In 1316 the castle was successfully defended against the Dauphin of France, by Hugh de Burgh, Earl of Kent. In the last civil war it was taken by stratagem, in 1642, by the Republicans.

Dover cliffs lie both on the east and west side of the town. The noble description in Shakespeare is applicable to the latter; but the cliff to which the poet alluded having been undermined and thrown down, those that remain do not quite come up to the description.

AFFAIRS MATRIMONIAL IN AMERICA.—An American paper states that recently, there being a delay of two hours on the Troy and Boston Railroad, two young men in the cars proposed to two young ladies, and a clergyman being at hand they were married on the spot.

On the 16th ult. a judge of the Supreme Court of New York heard a case in which a writ had been issued at the suit of a young lady against the father of her husband, a lad of fifteen, who he left her a week after marriage. It was alleged that the father had sent him out of the way, and had it in his power to recall him, and the application was that the father should restore him to his wife. But the judge refused to make any such order, as the husband was a boy old enough to go about unattended, and of his own free will.

A STORY OF GENERAL LEE.—General Lee fills a high place in the esteem of many persons, and is as far from wishing to detract from his just reputation. But the fact I have to mention is of importance, as showing that the irresponsible power which the slave system gave to the slaveholder over his slave may be very perilous even to men deemed honorable and humane. As you cross the Potomac by the bridge at Washington, and ascend the Arlington Heights, you come upon the large estate lately in possession of the great Confederate general. The mansion on this estate is a classic structure beautifully situated. It overlooks a landscape richly undulated and wooded with the yellow Potomac passing through the midst, very much as the Severn may be seen from some points overlooking the vale of Gloucester. Washington, chanced to halt for a night at this stately dwelling, then occupied by a Mrs. Curtis, a widow, with two boys, her sons. Mrs. Curtis was a lady of much personal attraction, and was as rarely gifted in mind as in person. Suffice it to say that, with little ceremony or delay, she became the wife of Washington; and on the death of her grandson, the last Curtis, a little before the late war, the property passed into the hands of General Lee. But it was a provision in the will of Curtis that at his death the slaves on his estate should be free. Lee construed that document so as to require the slaves to remain in bondage five years longer. Hitherto Lee had been popular with the dependants on the estate, but this proceeding wrought a great change. The slaves threatened to leave. One did leave. This was a young woman who had been a seamstress, and a sort of lady's-maid to Mrs. Lee, and had been much prized for her useful capabilities. The fugitive was apprehended, brought back, and, by order of the general, was taken to a building within sight of his residence to be flogged, as a warning to the disaffected. The young woman was required to strip herself. She refused to do so. Lee insisted on the removal of her clothes. She was tied to a post, and her owner looked on while she received, some say, nearly 200 lashes, certainly a much greater number than such a man should have witnessed. The injured woman is still living. All this I learnt from her sister, a Mrs. Gray, who, as a slave also, had been housekeeper to the family, and a person who manifestly felt no pleasure in giving this information. It came bit by bit, in answer to questions. General Lee may be an estimable man, but so much the worse for the slave system if this be true of him, and I have no doubt of its truth.—Dr. Vaughan, in the *British Quarterly Review*, October number.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT TROST'S WAREHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD.—Superior Harmoniums from £4 4s. 6d. and upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas; also all other instruments and fittings, at the lowest possible prices. Price list, post-free.

THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY.—MORE ARRESTS.

SEVERAL additional arrests of persons charged with Fenianism have been made in different parts of the country. In Cork four men were arrested. One of them, Mr. Mountain, kept a shoeblinding and trimming shop in that city. He has been rather conspicuous for his national tendencies, and was formerly tried for his alleged share in the "demonstration" which took place in connection with the celebration of the Prince of Wales's marriage, but was acquitted. Another of the persons arrested is Alexander Nicholls, son of a tweed and frieze manufacturer, and the remaining two are an auctioneer's clerk and a journeyman tailor. One arrest has been made in Borris, county Carlow, and two young tradesmen were taken into custody at Drogheda, being the first arrests which have taken place in that locality. The prisoners have all been remanded for further examination.

Mr. Martin A. O'Brennan, who was arrested in Tuam, was brought before Mr. Stronge charged with having published on the 30th of September, in the *Connaught Patriot*, a seditious and treasonable article calculated to incite foreigners to invade Ireland and levy war upon the Queen. Mr. J. A. Curran appeared for the prisoner. Several articles which had appeared in the *Connaught Patriot* were read by Mr. Berry, Q.C., in support of the charge. In one article, while the learned counsel observed, there was an effort made to keep the writer and publisher within the law, the meaning conveyed to the people who were to read it was that they were to be prepared to take up arms at a moment's notice to aid the intended rebellion in this country. The American Fenians were urged to return as did the Israelites from Egypt, and ransom their ancestral lands from the Philistines. The redemption of Ireland from despotism and bad laws would be hailed with delight, and blessings would be asked for on the deliverers. The tendency of this writing is perfectly clear, and is by no means counteracted by such a passage as the following, which was doubtless inserted with the notion of keeping the writer safe:—

"The Fenians are not hostile to Queen Victoria or the Sovereign Pontiff. It is to the partial government of her Majesty in Ireland—not to herself—they are opposed. They would not hurt one hair of her head, though they have vowed to subvert the oppressive government carried on in her name in this island."

In another article an attempt was made to convey to the people that Fenianism was widely extending itself among the army and the militia, and the writer justified soldiers in breaking their oath of allegiance on the ground that their oath was one to defend, but not to assist in the perpetration of the oppression of their planned nation. Mr. O'Brennan repudiated the charge of disloyalty, and said his whole course had been that which his Church taught—"Obedience to the laws, obedience to the monarch that is de facto, not matter whether de jure or not." He complained of the harshness with which he had been treated by the police, and said that, having committed no transgression before God, and violated no law of the land, he cared little for the result. Mr. O'Brennan was committed for trial.

ROYAL NEGLECT OF IRELAND.

The *Cork Constitution*, a Conservative journal, referring to the remarks of the Times on the royal neglect of Ireland, says:—

"Every place can be cheered by the royal presence—the Isle of Wight, Balmoral, the Continent; but Ireland is as though she were no part of the dominions of the Crown. This is at once impolitic and unjust. It leads to the suspicion that Ireland is not cared for—that she has no place in the royal affections—that she is considered an incubation of which, but for the likelihood of its falling into other hands, England would as soon shake herself free, and that a paragraph in a speech from the throne is sufficient recognition of her claims on attention or respect. This suspicion militates more against loyalty, against attaching the people to the Crown, against making them feel that they have any interest in its prosperity, than those who enjoy the sunshine of the royal favour imagine, though they themselves cry out very boisterously when it is, as it has unduly been, withheld from them. There is a great deal of sentiment in 'loyalty.' It is not principle that leads to it in the masses, or indeed in any considerable number of a population. The Prince of Wales's appearance in the hunting field does more to endear him to all who see him sharing in the country's sports than his nearness to the Throne, and the least that can be expected of a family for which the nation provides so handsomely is that its members will each and all do his or her part in contributing to the contentment of the people; and how can they better do this than by contributing to their gratification, showing themselves gladly and unostentatiously among them, and proving that they look on them as components of one great community over which the Sovereign equitably and impartially presides? This is too much forgotten at the other side. Even the ignorant and the credulous would be less easily duped if this pretext were taken out of the mouth of the dupers; and, more than any act of legislation (if parliamentary exactness could devise a wise one), would occasional visits do to bind the people to the Throne. We don't, however, mean flying visits, which seem made to discharge some disagreeable duty, and which are hurried through as if every moment spent in Ireland were a weariness; but visits paid as if there was a pleasure in them, and as if the ruler felt herself at home among the ruled. On the lowest of the people such visits would not be lost. There is among them a disposition to loyalty, which it is imprudent to despise; and if that disposition has been allowed to take a different and a dangerous turn, it might by the course suggested be in a little time brought back. Those in high places ought to think of it. It won't do to have Ireland periodically on the eve of rebellion; for, however weak, or mean, or silly the seditionists may be, they produce great alarm, they do great detriment to business, cause great inconvenience to all who depend on it for bread, and put the country to an expense which, because of their machinations, it is all the less able to bear. In future, Government, we hope, will be wiser, and instead of suffering incendiary publications to prepare insurrections that it may suppress them, will suppress the publications, and thus spare themselves a great deal of trouble, and the peaceful a great deal of anxiety."

A HEAVY INSURANCE CLAIM.—By the death of the Earl of Strathmore, the insurance companies have to meet a claim amounting to nearly £200,000. The Scotch offices are those principally concerned, though several policies were effected with English companies.—*Insurance Record*.

FIRING OF STACK-YARDS AND FARM BUILDINGS.—At one o'clock on Sunday morning a woman who lives near the homestead of Mr. Peter Brungate, a Chapel Haddesey, near Selby, observed flames issuing from the stack-yard, and immediately gave an alarm. Assistance was sent for to Selby, and soon after the sounding of the fire-bells at the Abbey Church many persons hurried to the scene of the disaster. The fire brigade from Pontefract were also brought to the spot as soon as possible, but, though plenty of water could be got from the river Aire, the whole contents of the stack-yard were destroyed—viz., two very large clover, one hay, one pea, two barley, and two oat stacks. Several adjacent farm-buildings were also destroyed, as well as the implements which they contained. The property was valued at 700l. or 800l., but, fortunately, about a fortnight ago Mr. Brungate insured it all. A small farmer and blacksmith, whose premises are close to those before mentioned, also had a valuable haystack consumed. A party of gipsies who had an encampment in the neighbourhood—and especially one of the women—aided most actively in the exertions which were made to arrest the flames. There is every reason to believe that this is an act of incendiarism, and a malicious Irishman lately seen in the neighbourhood is suspected.

DEATH OF THE REV. CANON STOWELL.

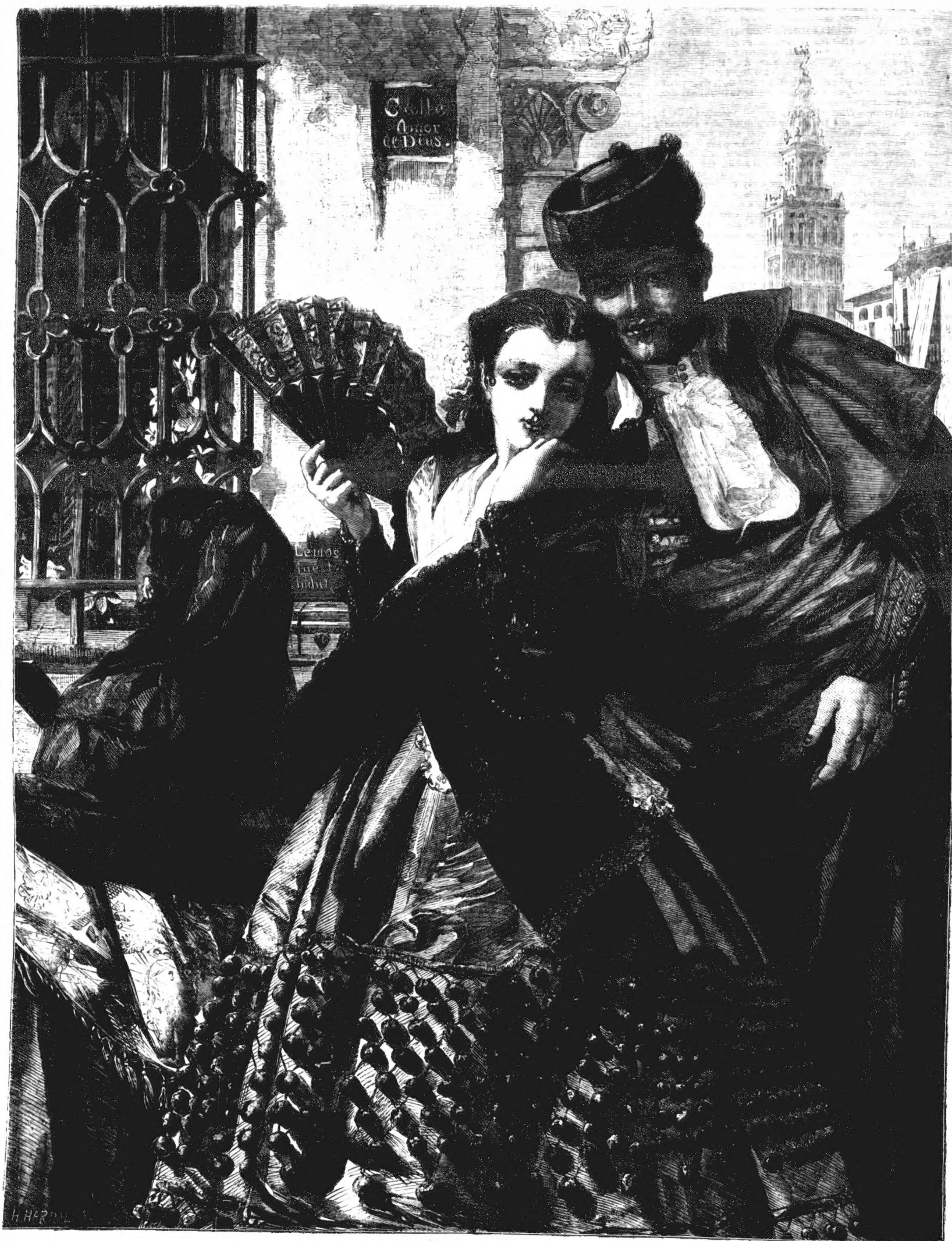
THE Rev. Canon Stowell, rector of Christ Church, Salford, died on Monday, at his residence, Bar-hill, Bolton-road, Pendleton, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Mr. Stowell was born in December, 1799, at the parsonage of Douglas, Isle of Man. His father was for many years rector of the parish of Ballagh, near that town, where he composed his "Life of the Right Rev. Thomas Wilson, some time Bishop of Sodor and Man." Mr. Stowell matriculated as a commoner at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, in 1818, and at the close of his undergraduate career took his degree of B.A. in Michaelmas Term, 1822. He proceeded to his Master's degree May 25, 1826. On the 26th of December, 1823, he was ordained by the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Henry Ryder, at that time Bishop of Gloucester, and subsequently of Lichfield and Coventry. His title for orders was the assistant curacy of an outlying chapel of Shapscrope, Painswick, not far from Stroud, in the county and diocese of Gloucester. His stay, however, in this rural parish was only of about three months' duration, for in the following spring he removed to Huddersfield. He remained at Huddersfield about two years, when he accepted the sole charge of St. Stephen's Church, Salford. Here he became so popular as a preacher, and so esteemed as a devoted and laborious pastor, that, in the fear of losing him among the many pressing invitations which he received to undertake other and more valuable appointments, a number of his parishioners and friends subscribed a handsome sum of money, and built for him Christ Church, Acton-square, Salford, of which he became the first incumbent. In 1845 Mr. Stowell was nominated by Bishop Sumner to an honorary canonry in the Cathedral Church of Chester. In 1851, not long after the erection of Manchester into an episcopal see, Canon Stowell was appointed by the bishop, Dr. James Prince Lee, one of his lordship's chaplains. Subsequently, Mr. Stowell was appointed Rural Dean of Salford. The next presentation to the living is vested in five trustees. Only one of the original trustees is living, Mr. Robert Gardner, and we believe his co-trustees are Messrs. Le Mare, Blacklock, Crowdon, and Makin. The activities of a busy life left Mr. Stowell but little leisure for authorship, but he found time to contribute the following works to the catalogue of contemporary literature:—"Tractarianism Tested," 2 vols.; "Lectures on the Character of Nehemiah—a Model for Men of Business;" "Self-Culture;" "The Voice of the Church in Holy Baptism;" "The Moderation of the Church of England;" "Worldly Anxiety;" "The Bible Self-Evidential;" "The Pleasures of Religion," and other Poems; "Confession;" "William Palmer—a Warning;" "The Age We Live In;" "The Day of Rest;" and several other theological works, sermons, lectures, speeches, and letters.

The rev. canon died in the presence of his wife and five of his children. He had been unconscious for two days, but appeared to revive a little on Monday morning, when Dr. Bonham, one of his medical attendants, considered that there was no immediate danger of his dissolution. His decease was therefore rather unexpected, although not the remotest hope had for a considerable time been entertained as to his eventual recovery. When the intelligence of his death became known the various churches in Salford and Pendleton rang forth muffled peals, and a general feeling of profound sorrow appeared to prevail amongst the community. The rev. canon passed away without suffering, and at the latest moment seemed to articulate the word "Amen."

WRECK OF THE EAGLE SPEED.—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

A SHIPWRECK has occurred near Calcutta resulting in enormous loss of life, and attended with such misconduct, mismanagement, and cowardice on the part of the crew, as in similar emergencies have been rarely if ever equalled. Seldom has the name of the British seaman been sullied in moments of peril by a wanton flight from the post of duty, leaving hundreds of fellow-creatures to an awful fate; but it has been left to the crew of the Eagle Speed to commit an outrage on humanity that will arouse indignation wherever it is read, and make the loss of that ill-starred vessel, with 250 human beings, a lasting record of cowardice and selfishness, if not an indelible blot on the British name. Every account of the wreck that reaches us from Calcutta deepens the tragedy of errors, cowardice, and wanton disorder which form the history of the wreck, and we earnestly hope for the sake of our common name and country that the Government investigation which has been instituted into the causes and circumstances of the disaster will do much to remove the disgrace and charges of scandalous mismanagement which lie heavily at the door of nearly everyone who was in a position to render assistance at the awful catastrophe. The Eagle Speed left Port Canning on the morning of Sunday, 20th August, having on board 497 coolies, who were being conveyed to Demerara. On Monday afternoon, while still in charge of a tug steamer, Lady Eglon, she struck in the western channel of the Malah, but was dragged off by the steamer and anchored in the channel for the night. She continued to make so much water that signals of distress were made to the tug. Shortly after midnight and by Tuesday afternoon, after unaccountable delay and mismanagement in the efforts to save the unfortunate creatures, the tug steamed back to Port Canning, with, forsooth, the captain and crew of the Eagle Speed and with 207 of the coolies, leaving 290 coolies helpless and without any one in supervision or authority over them on the sinking vessel. Of these about thirty were subsequently saved; the rest, numbering 265, have perished. The catalogue of blunders seems to have numbered legion. 1. The crew of the Eagle Speed, numbering twenty-five men, is said, with the exception of five or six, to have been unfit for duty although shipped only a few days before sailing. 2. The tug did not approach the Eagle Speed till after dawn on Tuesday morning, notwithstanding the signals of distress were shown after midnight. 3. Although it was known that the vessel was sinking, all her boats were not used, and those that were used were either wantonly and intentionally smashed by the lazy, cowardly crew who were sure of saving their own lives, or so carelessly handled that they very soon became unfit for further use. 4. The brutal European crew finally refused to exert themselves further, telling Captain Hoskins, the port master of Port Canning, who happened to be on board the tug, and who appears to have been the only one that laboured zealously in saving those who were taken from the wreck, that "they would be—if they would make another trip." 5. From the first moment of the catastrophe till the tug left everything like seamanship and order ceased on board the one vessel, and nothing like ingenuity or earnestness, or even a comprehension of the magnitude of the disaster, prevailed in the other. 6. The tug was not a first-class steamer, and first-class steamers only are allowed by the port regulations to tow coolie ships; and 7. The pilot was not a master pilot, although the regulations require that master pilots only shall have charge of such vessels. To the list of blunders, of which the above are but a few, must be added several accidental circumstances, which did not help to diminish the misfortune, such as rough weather in the Channel, the bursting of a steam-pipe on board the tug, the imperfect way in which the Malah is buoyed, &c. The several versions of the wreck do not conflict with each other in any main particular, but the inquiry which is ordered will bring to light the authentic particulars, and show on whose shoulders the responsibility rests.—*Bombay Gazette*.

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE.—In spite of M. Dupin, the dress of the ladies at the fashionable watering-places of Biarritz is as extravagant as ever. During the last thirty days Madame Rimski-Korsakoff wore no less than sixty dresses, one in the morning and one in the evening.



YOUTH IN SEVILLE.

YOUTH IN SEVILLE.

THE beautiful engraving before us is from a picture by J. Philip, A.R.A. It represents a scene by no means uncommon in Seville. We are at the corner of the Calle Amor de Dios, in Seville, and let into the wall, and protected by a grating, is a shrine and picture of the Madonna and Child. Two devotees approach the shrine. One whom, as far as we can judge from her wide-veiling mantilla

is sufficiently well favoured, kneels, in, we hope, utterly abstracted devotion before the sacred picture; the second, a real, ripe, olive-faced, diamond-eyed Spanish beauty, with a whole Cupid's arsenal—fan, *acaroches caurs*, hair dressed *a la Eugenie*, pendant earrings, and black lace mantilla, is about doubtless to follow her sister's example, and lip a few pretty prayers; but she is indulging, first, in a preliminary flirtation with a stalwart Seville *muchacho*, a brawny

dandy in a pillicock hat of the Spanish pattern, much finer linen about his shirt-front, and golden studs to close the collar thereof. Of course he is wrapped in a *gugo* or a *poncho*, or whatever the loose Spanish mantle he wears may be called, and, of course, he carries between the fingers of one hand the inevitable *cigarillo*. But where are the ladies' weeds? Under their mantillas, of course, with fuses and tissue paper complete, we will be bound.





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and golden studs to close the collar thereof.
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Theatricals, Music, etc.

HAYMARKET.—This establishment was again opened for the season on Monday evening last, when the house was crowded in every part. The first piece presented was the "School for Scandal," and as each well-known face appeared, a hearty greeting went forth from the audience. Sir Peter Teazle was admirably sustained by Mr. Chippendale, as also Benjamin Backbite and Crabtree by Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Compton. Mr. Howe played Joseph Surface, and Mr. W. Farren, Charles Surface. Both were very effective. Mr. Rogers was also quite at home as Sir Oliver. The Lady Teazle, by Miss Nelly Moore, was all that could be desired. She was greeted with well-deserved applause throughout, and especially in the scene where she was equally as pathetic as she had previously been vivacious. The dresses and scenery were beautiful. At the close of the comedy there was a unanimous recall, fully testifying how heartily the efforts of all had been appreciated. In "Lend Me Five Shillings," which followed, Mr. Buckstone, as Mr. Golightly, again drew forth the laughter and applause of the audience. "Easy Shaving" was the concluding piece. On Thursday evening Mr. Charles Matthews received a most gratifying welcome back in his favourite part of Sir Charles Coldstream, in "Used Up."

PRINCESS'S.—We gave a short notice last week of the production, at this theatre, of Mr. Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend," reserving the plot, in order at the same time to give an illustration of one of the scenes, which will be found on our first page. The drama, although advertised as new, is not so—that is, as regards the general plot. Originally it appeared as Mr. Reade's drama of "Gold," upon which he founded his successful novel of "Never too Late to Mend." From this latter is now worked out what is called his new drama, several versions of which, however, had previously been performed in London, as also in the provinces. The plot of the present drama may be thus told. Two brothers, George and William Fielding, hold a small farm in Berkshire, called the Grove. They are unsuccessful. George is invited by a Mr. Winchester to emigrate with him to Australia; but is advised by his friend, Robinson, who has been to California, to go farther. But George is in love with his pretty cousin, Susan Merton, and cannot bear the thought of leaving her. He has, however, two rivals—his brother William and Mr. Meadows, the latter a large contractor and schemer, who has a willing instrument in a low and cunning attorney, named Crawley. By the means of this latter a distress is made upon the farm, and Robinson is arrested for theft. At this critical period another friendly letter reaches him from Australia, and he decides upon going. He has secured a declaration of love from Susan, has made a friend instead of a rival of his brother, and has been promised the hand of Susan by old Merton, providing he can bring home a thousand pounds. This ends the first act. In the second, we find the suit of Meadows for the hand of Susan thwarted by William Fielding and a Jew named Isaac Levi, whom Meadows has made an enemy. The latter now determines to send Crawley out to Australia to plot against George Fielding, and intercept all his letters to Susan. He is, unfortunately, too successful. George's sheep die mysteriously and is gone, when his old friend Robinson appears on the scene. The latter had suffered imprisonment on the silent system; had become peevish under the good chaplain, and, by his means, sent out to Australia. Prior to sailing, he obtains a letter from Susan to George; and he arrives at his destination to find his old friend almost dead with fatigue and despair. Robinson revives him with a little brandy, but more so with Susan's letter. He next points out to George the evident signs of gold, and, with an eccentric Australian savage, attached to George, they proceed to search for the golden ore. The savage soon points out a valuable nugget in the quartz they are sitting upon; and George is again hopeful of gaining Susan; but Crawley has been lurking upon their track, and has hired ruffians to waylay them and secure the valuable nugget. The two friends are attacked, and nearly overcome, when Jacky, the savage, whose suspicions had been aroused, rushes on with a party of his own tribe, and turns the tables, Crawley being wounded in the fight. The two friends now return home with seven thousand pounds. In the meantime, Meadows so poisons the mind of Susan against George, that she ultimately agrees to wed the rich contractor. The evening prior to the marriage, has arrived, when Crawley presents himself to Meadows, and informs him of the arrival of George with seven thousand pounds in notes; and that he is then at the little inn close by. They plot together. George is to be drugged and the money stolen. This is accomplished by Crawley. Meadows goes for burning the notes, but ultimately allows Crawley to keep them, if he will leave the country immediately. The Jew has been on the watch, and, as Crawley departs, secretly follows him. The wedding morn arrives—the bells ring—the marriage party sets out. They are confronted on the road by George and Robinson. An explanation ensues. George demands the fulfilment of the contract, which old Merton reluctantly agrees to, providing the thousand pounds is forthcoming. Robinson exultantly draws forth a bulky pocket-book, and unfolds it. There is only a newspaper, but no money. Old Merton terms them impostors, and the two friends prepare again to depart; but Susan declares she will go with them. The Jew enters and denounces Meadows, who, however, baffles the accusation, until Crawley is brought in handcuffed. To save himself, the latter accuses Meadows as the instigator. Both are taken to goal, while the bells ring out a mere joyous peal for the marriage of George and Susan. Such is the brief sketch of the plot. The drama abounds in startling incidents, and is full of interest; and never was a piece more truthfully placed on the stage. The curtain rises on as complete a farm scene as could be represented. Everything is reality itself. The straw-yard is fully littered—the men are threshing away—all is life and bustle. This scene is nightly hailed with the utmost delight. In the next act we have reality of a darker shade—the interior of a prison. The treadmill is at work, oakum-picking is going on, the silent system is in full operation, and the prisoners are in their prison dresses. So vividly is all the interior of prison life depicted, that instead of meeting with applause, as the life-like farm did, this has been received with disapprobation by a certain class of the aristocratic portion of the audience. The ground for this is, that prison life is not so bad as it was, and that the better phase should be placed upon it. We would rather the scene remain as it is, as a warning to evil doers. The next act brings out the beautiful again. It is life in Australia. The scenery is really magnificent, and here also the same masterly hand, in producing effect, is evident. There are plenty of incidents, too, and one of them we have selected for our illustration. The acting is perfect; but our space will not admit of our entering into details. We can only advise our readers to go and judge for themselves; it will well repay them the visit.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. E. T. Smith commenced his winter season here on Monday evening, the great attraction being Miss Menken in a new piece, entitled "The Child of the Sun." It was written expressly for her by Mr. John Brougham; but it is evident that in studying for effect to bring forward Miss Menken he has spoilt what might otherwise have been a most effective drama. Perhaps, in the attractive title of the piece, the audience had associated the Menken with almost naked Venuses, or other mythological deities; but it was disappointed as far as the dresses

of Miss Menken were concerned. There was nothing that the most fastidious could carp at. In her first dress, that of Leon, a creole boy, she certainly looks to advantage, and her attitudes are beautiful. Leon is the son of a Mexican planter. A plotting nephew induces the planter to discard his creole wife on the ground of infidelity, and the boy becomes a slave. The planter afterwards fears that the charge is false, and that Leon is really his legitimate son. He prepares documents to reinstate all; but is strangled by the nephew before his plans can be carried out. Leon is in love with a young Castilian lady. She is carried off by the nephew and some brigands to the mountains. Leon follows, and Miss Menken then successively presents herself as Zamba, a dumb slave; Metoxa, chief of the Oomanches; and as a Mexican caballero. All these she sustains with much beauty and vigour; but the whole performance failed to excite the least enthusiasm, and the call for Miss Menken, Miss Kate Carson, Mr. E. T. Smith, and Mr. B. Potter was far less vigorous than is usual on a first night.

The Court.

According to recent advices it would appear, that her Majesty the Queen and royal family, on their return to Windsor, are likely to receive a visit from their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia (the Princess Royal). The Court at Balmoral will, it is expected, return to the south a few days before the close of this month or the first week in November.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred and suite visited the Olympic Theatre, on Saturday evening, to witness the performance of "The Serf" and "Prince Camaralzaman."

It is probable, says the *Manchester Courier*, that the disappointment experienced by the people of Liverpool last year with regard to an expected visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, will be made this year in the most agreeable manner. It will be remembered that last year all the arrangements for a royal visit to Knowsley had been concluded, when, unfortunately, the illness of Lord Derby superseded, and the noble earl was unable to receive his distinguished guests. His lordship is just now recovering from a more recent and severe attack of gout, and it has been intimated that the Prince and Princess of Wales intend to fulfil their promise of honouring Knowsley with a visit on their return from Abercrombie Castle, towards the end of the present month. Nothing definite has yet been settled, but it is expected that the royal party will reach Knowsley on Tuesday, the 31st. During their stay at Knowsley a morning visit may be paid to Liverpool, and probably Thursday, the 2nd, or Friday, the 3rd November, may be chosen for this visit, as the municipal elections occur on the 1st of the month.

Sporting.

AQUATICS.

SCULLERS' RACE.—A scullers' race for £50 aside took place on Monday, and proved most remarkable. The competitors were George Cannon, of Blackwall, and Thomas Hoare, of Hammersmith, both watermen, of about the same age, Cannon having advantage over his opponent of half a stone in weight, which was counterbalanced by Hoare possessing considerably more skill at handling the sculls than his opponent. Both had previously figured against some excellent men, and as they trained at rival houses, Hoare at Wilcox's, the White Hart, Barnes, and Cannon, at Harry Kelly's, the Bell Tavern, Putney, considerable interest was excited; scumers were chartered to accompany the race, which were densely crowded with the friends of the competitors, among whom betting was pretty animated, at six to five and guineas to pounds on Cannon. Mr. Ireland, of the London Rowing Club, had been previously appointed referee, and Mr. J. Messenger having been appointed umpire for Cannon and Mr. Wilcox for Hoare they got to stations at five o'clock, in a blinding rain, which lasted all the way, notwithstanding which the race was so great that had the winner put on a little more at the finish this would have been the fastest race on record. After one attempt they got off, Cannon, who had the station, obtaining the lead, but in half a dozen strokes Tom Hoare rowed so fast and well that, at the Star and Garter, he was nearly clear. Cannon's longer strokes told in his favour. He began to come up with his opponent, and after a tremendous struggle went ahead, passing him by a clear length at Craven, where he took his opponent's water. In these positions, Cannon perhaps increasing his lead, they rowed to the Crabtree, when Hoare, putting on a splendid spurt, drew again on Cannon, and over-slipped his stern at Hamersmith-bridge. Both were now doing their very best, and it was long before Hoare could conquer his opponent. In the middle of Chiswick Eyott they were level, and then Hoare's more polished style began to tell. He gradually stole ahead in the rough water, and at the top of the Eyott succeeded in drawing clear, after rowing one of the finest races on record for nearly three miles. After this the race was over. At Barnes bridge there were four lengths between them, Hoare ultimately winning by five lengths in twenty-three minutes sixteen seconds. The course was from Putney to Mortlake.

THE WAR IN MEXICO.

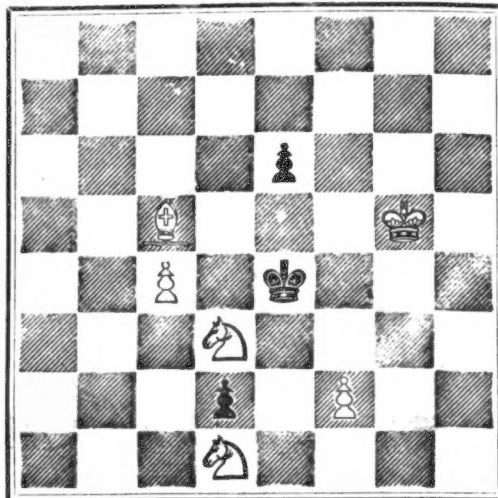
THE news from Mexico informs us that the Liberal forces are increasing rapidly in every direction. The city papers daily chronicle continual fighting. The town of Santiago, near Orizaba, has declared for Juarez, recognising General Garcia, Liberal Governor of Vera Cruz. This place offers great advantages to the Liberals, as it puts them in connection with the States of Tabasco and Chiapas. Various bodies of Liberals are united there, seriously menacing Orizaba itself, and the railroad from Vera Cruz. The Imperialists attacked the place twice, and were severely repulsed, which caused a great sensation. The Austrian Count Theresia has been operating in the mountains near Puebla, and captured some prisoners of importance. An Austrian detachment in Ahuatlan, composed of a company of lancers and mountain-howitzers, was compelled to surrender to the Liberals. The Austrian, who commanded, and an Imperial officer were shot. The Austrian commander in Michoacan paroled some Republicans in the hope that the Belgian prisoners would be similarly treated by the Liberals. The advantages in that State are decidedly in favour of the Liberals. An official paper from Durango mentions the appearance in that State of Gen. Pattons, who joined the bands of Corona and Calles, their combined forces amounting to 2,500 men. The French were awaiting their movements with anxiety. The French General Neigre has issued an order that all proprietors must arm their labourers to resist the Liberals, and makes said proprietors responsible for the acts of the Juaristas. This is only giving arms and recruits to the Liberals. It having gained currency that the Empress would visit Belgium to see her sick father, and Maximilian contemplated going to Yucatan, the project has been terminated on the ground that it would excite the belief that they were leaving the country, and destroy confidence in the adherence.

We give on page 281 a large engraving of a series of sketches of scenes which are daily to be seen around Mexico, as may be judged from the above news.

INCOMES OF £50,000 AND UPWARDS.—In Great Britain there are, as appears from a return just issued, eighty persons with incomes of £50,000 a year and upwards, and in Ireland only three.

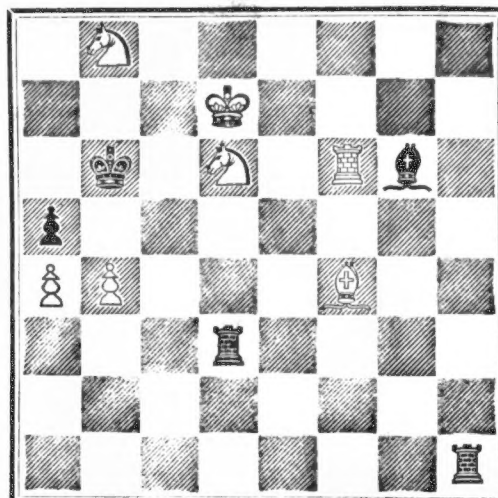
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 301.—By Mr. Phillips.
Black



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 302.—By Mr. H.
Black



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game, blindfold, between Messrs. Blackburne and Knight.

- | White | Black |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Mr. J. H. Blackburne. | Mr. Knight. |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. K Kt to B 3 | 2. P to Q 8 |
| 3. P to Q 4 | 3. P takes P |
| 4. Q takes P | 4. Q B to Q 2 (a) |
| 5. B to K B 4 | 5. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 6. Q to Q 2 | 6. K B to K 2 |
| 7. B to Q B 4 | 7. K Kt to B 3 |
| 8. Q Kt to B 3 | 8. Castles |
| 9. Castles (K's side) (b) | 9. B to K 3 |
| 10. B to Q 3 | 10. Kt to Q Kt 5 |
| 11. P to Q B 3 | 11. Kt takes B |
| 12. P takes Kt | 12. Kt to K R 4 |
| 13. Q takes B | 13. Kt takes B |
| 14. Q takes B | 14. P to K R 3 |
| 15. Q R to B square | 15. P to Q B 3 |
| 16. P to K Kt 4 | 16. Q to Q 2 |
| 17. P to K B 3 | 17. P to Q 4 |
| 18. P to K 5 | 18. P to K B 3 |
| 19. Q to Kt 3 | 19. K B to K B 2 |
| 20. Kt to K R 4 | 20. Q to Q square (c) |
| 21. Kt to B 5 | 21. K to K R 2 |
| 22. Kt takes B | 22. Q takes Kt |
| 23. P to K B 4 | 23. P to K Kt 3 |
| 24. Kt to K 2 (d) | 24. R to K Kt 2 |
| 25. K to B 2 | |

DRAWN GAME (c)

- (a) We prefer the old move of 4. Q Kt to B 3.
(b) In this opening, we have generally found it more advantageous for the first player to Castle on the Queen's side,—bringing the Queen's Rook at once into play, and preparing to advance the Pawns on the King's side.
(c) We confess we are at a loss to understand the object of this eccentric retreat. P takes K P looks much more to the purpose.
(d) With the board before him, Mr. Blackburne could not have failed to see that P to K B 5 was a much more effective move. After that, indeed, Black seems to be left without any resource.
(e) Even now, P takes K B P, followed by P to K Kt 5, would give the first player a very embarrassing attack.

LIFEBOT SERVICE.—CAISTOR, NORFOLK, OCT. 7.—The lifeboat on this station has again rendered most valuable service to a distressed ship and her crew. Observing signals of distress on the 4th instant, on the Scroby Sand, the wind blowing at the time strong from the south-east, the Caistor lifeboat of the National Institution was at once manned and launched and taken to the spot indicated by the signal. On arriving there the lifeboat found a brig on the Scroby Sands, full of water and with her rudder gone, the sea breaking completely over her. After assisting the crew at working the pumps for about an hour or so, the beachmen were forced to leave the vessel, and to take with them the crew of nine men, whom they safely landed at Caistor about half-past eleven. The men afterwards proceeded to the Yarmouth Sailors' Home, a most excellent institution. The next day, the brig being still on the sands, the beachmen went out again with the lifeboat, the vessel being unapproachable by any other boat. They fortunately succeeded in getting her off and bringing her into Lowestoft harbour. She was the brig Harling, bound from Sunderland to Lowestoft.

Fate and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

MAN-IN-HOUSE.

A QUEER STORY.—A German Jewess, named Gittel Her, etched in the charge sheet to be twenty-two years old, but much younger, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with a gold watch, a silver watch, and a quantity of wearing apparel, alleged to be stolen by the prisoner, from the premises of a Jew, who was unable to speak English, and the evidence through the medium of an interpreter. It appeared that she keeps an eating-house in Hutchinson-street, Houndsditch, in which was stated to have formerly been a palace, and a same premises was used as a Jewish Synagogue, of which she was the head. The prisoner seemed to have come to England weeks ago from Germany, accompanied by her husband, but she for a short time took up her abode in the prosecutor's property alleged to be stolen by the prisoner, which was worth moved at various times; but the gold watch, which was worth repented by the prosecutor to have been stolen out of during the night of the 4th of October, while he was asleep, could be understood, it appeared that he heard some one groaning in the dark, but he took no notice, and did not say anything matter until the next day, when he missed his two watches, a stable named Goddard was called in, and he examined the discovered that a portion of the walnut attached to the stable had been forced aside, and it appeared as though some person had entered the synagogue and had made their way from the prosecutor's premises, and afterwards committed the robbery. The witness inquired the constable was led to suspect the prisoner, and on her lodging he found a quantity of duplicates, one of which gold watch, and the others to various articles of wearing apparel, turned out that the prisoner had pledged the gold watch at a in the Mile End-road for £4 10s., and the wearing apparel for various sums, and the prisoner did not appear to deny the pledge of the various articles. The Lord Mayor inquired whether there was to show that the prisoner had been concealed upon on the night of the robbery? The constable replied that witness present who would give his lordship some information subject. An aged Jew named Solomon Schwartz was called in. He stated that he lodged in the prosecutor's house, and on the night the robbery was committed, about six o'clock, he had occasioned into the cellar of the house, and he there saw some one huddled up in the corner to conceal herself. He was in a great time, but still he was quite sure that the prisoner was the person who had committed the robbery. The Lord Mayor asked him how he knew that person he saw. The witness replied, "I saw her face in the (laugh). In answer to a question put by the Lord Mayor, the that at first he did not consider it possible for a woman to be away from the synagogue to the prosecutor's premises, but upon the place, and bearing in mind the very diminutive size of the considered it quite probable that she could have got through. When called upon for her defence, told a long rambling story, the effect of which appeared to be that she had been called into the cellar by the prosecutor, and that she was sitting in the cellar. She admitted having pawned the various articles, but no other woman had given them to her. The Lord Mayor, after a queer story altogether, and he sentenced the prisoner to six labour.

DISSEMBLING ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—A well-dressed young man, Kate Gilbert, who was described as a milliner, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with attempting to destroy herself under circumstances. It appeared from the evidence of a City policeman on duty on London-bridge, when he saw a crowd of young men was holding the prisoner, who, it appeared, had been lying to get over the bridge. The young man said he knew that he would take her home, and they went away together, but he was upon the bridge, and about twenty minutes afterwards they came back again, and he saw her go down the steps, and a man went to her and inquired what she was going to do, and she had left her alone it would all have been over in a few minutes. The prisoner also said that she was in very great trouble, and she out of the world; and believing that she intended to destroy herself, he went to the station. The Lord Mayor inquired what was known of the sister, a respectable looking woman, who seemed in a good mind, said that the prisoner lived with her and her husband, only in poor circumstances, and the prisoner was in great poverty, and this had possibly driven her to commit the crime. The Lord Mayor remarked that the prisoner was old enough to live. The sister said she was now anxious to work, and withered hand and was subject to fits, and this prevented her for her livelihood. The Lord Mayor said that if the prisoner afflicted in the way described it was of course very painful, not at all justify her in attempting to destroy her life. The that the prisoner actually had a withered hand. The prisoner to question put to her by the Lord Mayor, and thus removed anything of what took place except being on the bridge; the location of going down the steps leading to the water. The prisoner promised to take care of her, and prevent her from doing anything again, and upon this condition the prisoner was discharged from the court with her sister.

A PROMISING YOUTH.—A little urchin, only eleven years of age, was charged with stealing half-a-crown from his master, Mr. Cumming, an umbrella manufacturer, in Blah. The prisoner was a errand boy to the prosecutor, and he seemed to be a very good boy, and he had been on several occasions. The Lord Mayor said that her husband had only been months, and she was in great distress at her son's conduct. The Lord Mayor not to send him to prison, and promised the to go to the police station, and the prosecutor also through a sumo request. The Lord Mayor asked the prisoner what money. He replied, with the utmost coolness,—"Why I spent and riding on buses." (A laugh.) The Lord Mayor told him was a very bad little fellow, and the best thing to do with him was a good flogging. In order to do this, however, it would be to send him to prison, and this he was unwilling to do. He fore, give him up to his mother, and he hoped that what had done to him would be a warning for the rest of his life.

BOW STREET.

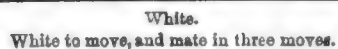
AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.—Michael Tracey, a forlorn native of the Green Isle, was charged with being drunk and the Harp tavern, in Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, and a piece of glass valued at £4 4s. The prisoner, having entered a drunken state, was refused some liquor which he ordered, and who, being unable to speak English, and the evidence through the medium of an interpreter, it appeared that he was still more drunk behaved himself in a riotous and disorderly manner. George Ralph Sherrill (the landlord), who had been on returned in the middle of the scene which the drunken rioter and, finding from the prisoner's excited condition that there was trouble in putting him out by force, called in a policeman. Who had hitherto been most obstreperous in his refusal to either house or behave himself, at once submitted to the authority of the policeman, and went away quietly enough. In a few minutes, however, and attempted to re-enter the house, and on being refused, smashed the plate glass with his fist—a surprising feat of considering the thickness of the glass. Mr. Vaughan asked if the not served with any liquor at the Harp. Mr. Sherrill replied not. He did not allow drunken men to be supplied with liquor. The policeman who took the prisoner in charge stated that he thought that he saw the prisoner "hit the glass with his hand." Mr. Vaughan: What was the result of his striking the glass? The policeman: He told me, your worship, that he had broken what he told you. What happened when he struck the glass? I took him into custody. (Laughter.) Mr. Vaughan: But effect of his striking the glass? Policeman: Well, your worship, he broke it. Mr. Vaughan: Never mind what you told him. Policeman: It was broken, your worship, sure. The prisoner was ordered to pay a fine of 10s. and the amount £4 4s. or in default of payment to be committed for one month.

OLEBKENWELL.

A THIEF TRAINER.—John Backman, well known to the charged with stealing a portmanteau, containing goods to the property of Mr. Michael Kenney, an asylum attendant, of the yard, St. Luke's. Mr. Bicketts, solicitor, of Frederick-place

State and Police.

POLICE COURT
CANNON HOUSE



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

White	Black
H. Blackburne.	Mr Knight.
to K 4	1. P to K 4
Kt to B 3	2. P to Q 3
to Q 4	3. P takes P
takes P	4. Q B to Q 2 (n)
to K B 4	5. Kt to Q B 3
to Q 2	6. K B to K 2
to Q B 4	7. K Kt to B 3
Kt to B 3	8. Castles
Castles (K's side) (b)	9. B to K 3
to Q 3	10. Kt to Q Kt 5
to Q R 3	11. Kt takes B
takes Kt	12. Kt to K R 4
to Q 4	13. Kt takes B
takes B	14. P to K R 3
B to B square	15. P to Q B 8
to K Kt 4	16. Q to Q 4
to K R 3	17. P to Q 1
to K 5	18. P to K B 3
to Kt 8	19. K R to K B 2
Kt to K R 4	20. Q to Q square (c)
Kt to B 5	21. K to K R 2
Kt takes B	22. Q takes Kt
P to K B 4	23. P to K Kt 3
Kt to K 2 (d)	24. R to K Kt 2

SERVICE.—CAISOR, NORFOLK, OCT. 7.—The lifeboat on has again rendered most valuable service to a distressed crew. Observing signals of distress on the 4th the *Sorby* Sand, the wind blowing at the time strong north-east, the *Caistor* lifeboat of the National Institution was manned and launched and taken to the spot indicated. On arriving there the lifeboat found a brig on the sand, full of water and with her rudder gone, the completely over her. After assisting the crew at working for about an hour or so, the beachmen were forced to retreat, and to take with them the crew of nine men, whom landed at *Caistor* about half-past eleven. The men proceeded to the *Yarmouth Sailors' Home*, a most excellent. The next day, the brig being still on the sand, she was again with the lifeboat, the vessel being unable by any other boat. They fortunately succeeded in pulling, bound from *Sunderland* to *Lowestoft* harbour. She was

[illegible]

A PROMISING YOUTH.—A little robin, only eleven years o'd, named William Bryant, was charged with stealing half-a-crown from the till of his master, Mr. Cumming, an amiable and successful, in Hishopgate-street. The prisoner was arraigned before the magistrate, and he seemed to have a notion that he had robbed it in mistake on several occasions. His mother, a respectable widow, said that her husband had only been dead a few months, and she was in great distress at her son's conduct. She implored the Lord Mayor not to send him to prison, and promised that he should be sent away to a relative in the country, and thus removed from his bad companions, if he had any. The prosecutor also through a friend made the same request. The Lord Mayor asked the prisoner what he did with the money. He replied, with the utmost coolness,—"Why I spent it in sweets and riding on buses." (A laugh.) The Lord Mayor told the prisoner he was a very bad little fellow, and the best thing to do with him was to order him a good flogging. In order to do this, however, it would be necessary to send him to prison, and this he was unwilling to do. He should, therefore, give him up to his mother, and he hoped that what had now occurred to him would be a warning for the rest of his life.

BOW STREET.

AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.—Michael Tracey, a remarkably miscoloured native of the Green Isle, was charged with being drunk and disorderly at the Harp tavern, in Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, and smashing a plate glass valued at six shillings. The prisoner, who had been in the house for a drunken night, said that some liquor had been ordered. A customer who, being sober, had been supplied with liquor, was so indignant as to allow the prisoner to drink with him, and the prisoner thereupon became still more drunk before he fell in a riotous and disorderly manner. Mr. George Ralph Sherrill (the landlords), who had been out on business, returned in the middle of the scene which the drunken roter had produced, and, finding from the prisoner's excited condition that there would be some trouble in putting him out by force, called in a policeman. The prisoner, who had hitherto been most obstreperous in his refusal either to leave the house or behave himself, at once submitted to the authority of the policeman, and was conveyed quietly enough to a fever hospital. The policeman then attempted to smash the plate glass, and on being refused admission, smashed the plate glass with his fist—a surprising feat of strength, considering the thickness of the glass. Mr. Vaughan asked if the prisoner had been served with any liquor at the Harp. Mr. Sherrill replied: Certainly not. He did not allow drunken men to be supplied with liquor in his house. The policeman who took the prisoner in charge stated in a rich Irish brogue that he saw the prisoner "hit the glass wid his fist." Mr. Vaughan: What was the result of his striking his hand on the glass? Policeman: He told me, your worship.— Mr. Vaughan: Never mind what he told you. What happened when he struck the glass? Policeman: He fell into custody. (Laughter.) But what was the result of the effect of his striking the glass? Policeman: Well, your worship, I told him.— Mr. Vaughan: Never mind what you told him. Was the glass broken? Policeman: It was broken, your worship, sure enough. The prisoner was ordered to pay a fine of 10s. and the amount of damage, £4 4s., or in default of payment to be committed for one month.

A THIEF TRAINED.—John Backman, well known to the police, was charged with stealing a portmanteau, containing goods to the value of £40, the property of Mr. Michael Kenney, an asylum attendant, of 26, Playhouse-yard, St. Luke's. Mr. Bicketts, solicitor, of Frederick-place, Gray's-in-

road, prosecuted by Mr. Lewis, of Elly-place, defended. It appeared from the evidence of the prosecutor that on the morning of Tuesday the 26th ult., about half-past twelve a.m., he got out of a cab at the corner of Drelan-lane, and took with him his portmanteau. He has not placed it there before the prisoner offered to carry the portmanteau if the complainant would give him £1. This the complainant consented to do, and they both proceeded as far as the corner of Playhouse-yard, where two men, of whom the prosecutor spoke to him, and when he turned round he found that the prosecutor had gone, taking with him the portmanteau. He gave information to the police, and the prisoner was apprehended about three hours afterwards. He was taken to the police station, and when he was taken to the prosecutor at once identified him as the man who had taken his property. Police-constable Miller, 148 G, said that he took the prisoner into custody, and when he told him the charge he said he knew nothing about it. He had since ascertained that one of the prisoner's companions, who was in custody at Harrogate for robbery, was wearing some of the prosecutor's property. The prisoner had been convicted no less than ten times of felony, and was well known as the trainer of young thieves, and there were now thirteen boys suffering imprisonment in Holloway Gaol that had been convicted of felony, and who had been trained by the prisoner. Mr. Ricketts said that the trial of the prisoner had been understood, he said, to show that the prisoner was now on ticket-of-leave. Mr. Ricketts said that he understood the magistrate intended to send the case for trial, he should not offer a defence, but he hoped the magistrate would accept bail. Mr. Ricketts's opponent, Mr. Barker committed the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial, and refused the application for bail.

ORIGINITY TO A LIFE AND IMPRISONMENT WITHOUT A FINE.—Edward Johnson, aged 33, a hairdresser, residing at 2, Albemarle street, Clerkenwell, was charged with being drunk and assaulting his wife, Fanny, a dressmaker. Mr. H. Allen, of the Associate Institute for Enforcing the Force for the Protection of Women, prosecuted. The complainant and the defendant have been married eleven years, and during the whole of that time, with the exception of two months that the defendant was in the House of Correction on a charge of illegally pawning some goods, he had been in the constant habit of abusing her. During the past fortnight he had been drunk very often, and had beaten his wife. On Saturday he beat her so long that she fainted, and he was so violent that she was obliged to seek refuge with her mother. And it was some time before she recovered and returned home. He used to sleep for about three hours he got up in a more savage and brutal state than when he went to bed, and on this occasion, without saying a word to his wife, knocked her so fearfully about the head with his fists that her head was covered with lumps and bruises, and blood gushed from both her eyes. Had it not been for the assistance of the lodgers it was stated that the wife would have been murdered, and, as it was, she was now in a very weak and exhausted state through his brutality. Fanny Barker could not deny that he had just slapped his wife, but his reason for doing so was that he was angry with her. He said that he would be found at the bottom of it all. To witness the husband's wife was a hard-working, sober, prudent woman, whilst the prisoner was a scoundrel, idle fellow, and was not to be believed. Mr. Barker asked the complainant if the defendant had ever threatened her. The complainant said he had repeatedly taken up knives to her, and she was afraid that he would some day carry his threats into execution. When drunk, and there was hardly a day that he was not in that state, he was mad, and did not know much what he was about. Mr. Barker said this was a very bad case, and he would send him to prison, and the aggravated Assault on Women Act, to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for three months, and for the next four calendar months, and at the expiration of that time he would find two responsible sureties to keep the peace and be of good behavior to his wife for six calendar months. The prisoner, who seemed to be suffering under an attack of delirium tremens, was then removed.

A BAD BEATDOWN.—Oliver Cromwell Harle, 8 years old, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with assaulting another little boy named Matthew Collier, by stabbing him with a knife. Polly Hennesey, an intelligent little girl, residing at No. 2, Archer-street, Windmill-street, said: On Saturday, just as I was passing a public-house at the corner of Archer-street, I saw Harle run after another little boy named Matthew Collier, and when he had a post, stab him with a knife. Matthew Collier cried out: "Oh! my mother!" and ran home. Matthew Collier, of 34, Rupert-street, said: On Saturday evening my boy was brought home with a stab in the back of his thigh an inch and a half long. The following certificate was handed to Mr. Tyrwhitt:—"I hereby certify a little boy named Matthew Collier was brought to me with an incised wound of the buttock, I have also attended him at his own house, and it is impossible to say for a few days the result of such a wound."—Wm. Harris, Surgeon, 33, Great Windmill-street, said: On Saturday evening, at 6.30, I saw a great crowd in Great Windmill-street I went up, and found a little boy named Harle, a injured boy was taken to a surgeon's. I afterwards went to No. 28, Rupert-street and took the prisoner into custody. On asking the prisoner where the knife was, he said it was behind a box in his father's room, and there I found it. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Is it a shoemaker's knife? Constable: It is, sir. Mr. Tyrwhitt (to the prisoner): How old are you? Prisoner: Eight. Mr. Tyrwhitt: And you have begun with stabbing a boy? I shall have to send you for a week. Prisoner: I did not stab as much as I have I should have said I remanded you for a week. The prisoner was removed from the court, calling out for his mother.

A FRENCHMAN CHARGED WITH HAVING IN HIS POSSESSION COUNTERFEIT FRENCH COIN.—Auguste Vilemot, counterfeiter, agent of No. 44, Thompson road, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt, by Sergeant Dracovich, of the detective department, Scotland yard, with having in his possession several counterfeit coins of the empire of France, with intent to utter the same. Mr. Charles Albert, the interpreter, attended to interpret the evidence. Sergeant Dracovich said: About six or eight months ago I received information of the prisoner and another being engaged in passing counterfeit French coins. On Monday, having kept observation on him, I followed him to the money-changer's window, take some of the things out of one of his pockets and put them in another. I followed him and saw him go to the Cafe du L'Etoile, in the Grand Boulevard street. Here they played at cards for some time, and then went to the back part of the hotel. With the assistance of Sergeant Shore I followed and stopped him, and on searching him I found in his possession several packs of cards, tickets, and eight pieces of five francs each, wrapped in paper, all of which are counterfeit. He asked me what I wanted to do with the money, and tried to get it away from me. He wished his worshipful presence to attend the witness a day, for the attendance of the French Consul General, Mr. Tyrwhitt, was waiting for him. He said that he found that if a person had more than five places of counterfeit coin in his possession was liable to the penalty under the Act. He should, therefore, remain the prisoner. The prisoner has been known to Sergeant Dracovich for some time as a notorious card-sharper.

ROBBERY AT THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY TERMINUS—Alfred David aged 28, a porter for four years in the employ of the Great Western Railway Company at Paddington, was brought up by Mr. Durdle, superintendent of the company's police, charged with robbing a passenger of a robbery of watches, gold, and silver, and also on suspicion of stealing a large quantity of jewellery. Mr. James, from the offices of Messrs. Mappin and Teasdale, Old Jewry, attended to prosecute. He said he should only offer sufficient evidence for a remand. Mr. Durdle: There have been complaints about the loss of watches and jewellery, and the matters has been placed in my hands for investigation. From information received I spoke to the prisoner, and asked him if he knew anything about a gold watch numbered 9,822, and a silver watch numbered 18,919, which I had got from a watchmaker in Fleet-street. He said he knew nothing of them. I took him into my office, I believed he did, and I should charge him with the loss of two watches which he had stolen from a jeweller in Fleet-street. He said he had never been into a shop in Fleet-street, and the production of the two watches as numbered, when he said he had found them, I told them, and asked him what had become of the other watches which were in the same parcel with the two. He said he had given them to a man in the street who was going to Plymouth. I detained him whilst I went to search his lodgings, where I found gold and silver watches, gold brooches and seals, gold lockets, one with a cross, pins, guard chains, studs, pencil cases, signet-rings, and other articles of gold. On showing them to the prisoner, he said they did not belong to him. I told him that he must consider himself in custody. Prisoner said then that he picked up a parcel containing two gold watches, on the departure platform, and a parcel containing gold and silver articles. He was afraid to go on board, and asked him if the brooches belonged to him, and he told me he found them in a parcel on the platform. All the other things he said he had found. Mr. Mansfield inquired how much property had been stolen. Prisoner: I do not know. Mr. Mansfield: The watchmaker mentioned by their numbers had seen out from Finsbury to London for repairs. Mr. Mansfield: Do they send all that distance? Mr. Durdle: Yes, sir; it is a common thing. Mr. James: We wish for a remand. Mr. Mansfield remanded the prisoner.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—Mary Anne Goodacre, 50 years of age, was charged with a daring attempt at suicide. The prisoner whose left arm and hand were bound up, appeared to be in a very weak state. A constable said: At eleven o'clock on the night of the 29th of

August, I was called to the house 12, Shannon-terrace, Dalston, where I found the prisoner in an upper room lying on a bed, bleeding profusely from a wound near the wrist-joint and from others. Two case-knives covered with blood, were lying on a table and a penknife in a like state on the floor. This small phial was given to me—it contained poison—and I was told the prisoner had taken some of it. I don't know what the poison was. I immediately conveyed the prisoner to the hospital, where she has remained to this day. Mr. Safford: Has she said anything respecting the detective attempt? Constable Aldridge to the witness: said, "I did it with them and I wish I had done to perfection." Mr. Elliott: Are any of her friends here? Prisoner: I haven't any friends. I gave £20 to the school not worth anything. Mr. Elliott desired that inquiries should be made, and that some person acquainted with the prisoner should attend on the day of remand.

A CHILD WITH TWO HEADS.—On Monday, Mr. Ellison taking his seat, on Monday, Mr. Ellison, the warrant-officer, introduced to him Mr. F. V. Lamont, a Spitalfields man, who, instead, wished to make an application for assistance. The applicant said that a very distressing case had lately been brought under her notice as a lady visitor in her neighbourhood, and, as she had the particulars of it reduced to writing, she wished to hand them in, in the hope that the magistrate, on reading them, would be willing to render her the help she interceded for some assistance from the poor-box, or that the public press would take notice of her application. The applicant's letter was as follows:—“Barrow, a poor hawker of cork-rows, living at No. 34, Bacon-street, Spitalfields, has, for five weeks old, which is a deep affliction to his poor family, it having been born with two heads. She ascribed to the first in such a manner that the smallest roughness or sudden movement would cause its immediate death. The poor mother is unable to lay it down without fear, and is unable to attend it without assistance from another person. She has four other young children, aged nine, six, three, and one and a-half years old, and formerly worked with her mother, aged sixty-three, at blue anils, receiving two-pence each. Now all she can do is to lay aside her work, and devote her whole time to the patient afflicted child, whose daily increase from the weight of the second head, Several respectable persons, who have seen the patient, being sober, industrious, quiet, and cleanly. Any contributions for their help would be most gratefully received, and might be well entrusted to the care of Mr. Reeves, schoolmaster at the Rigged School, Bacon-street.” The applicant added that the child was continually screaming, and scarcely ever out of the arms of its mother, so that she was prevented from attending to the rest of her family or doing anything. She and some friends of hers thought that she could not be a poor woman, but other assistance was most urgently needed. Mr. Ellison asked the applicant if she could herself confirm the accuracy of the representation. The lady said she had witnessed it, and she replied she could. The magistrate then asked her if he was acquainted with the applicant herself, and Farall replied that he had known her and her husband for about eighteen years, and knew them to be two of the most respectable and humane persons in that neighbourhood. The father of the children, he believed, had been a blacksmith, but was now unable to perform laborious work, and got a living by selling cork-rows and some other articles. Mr. Ellison directed a sovereign to be handed to the applicant from the poor-box, and told her that if convenient to herself she could call and see him again in the course of fortnight.

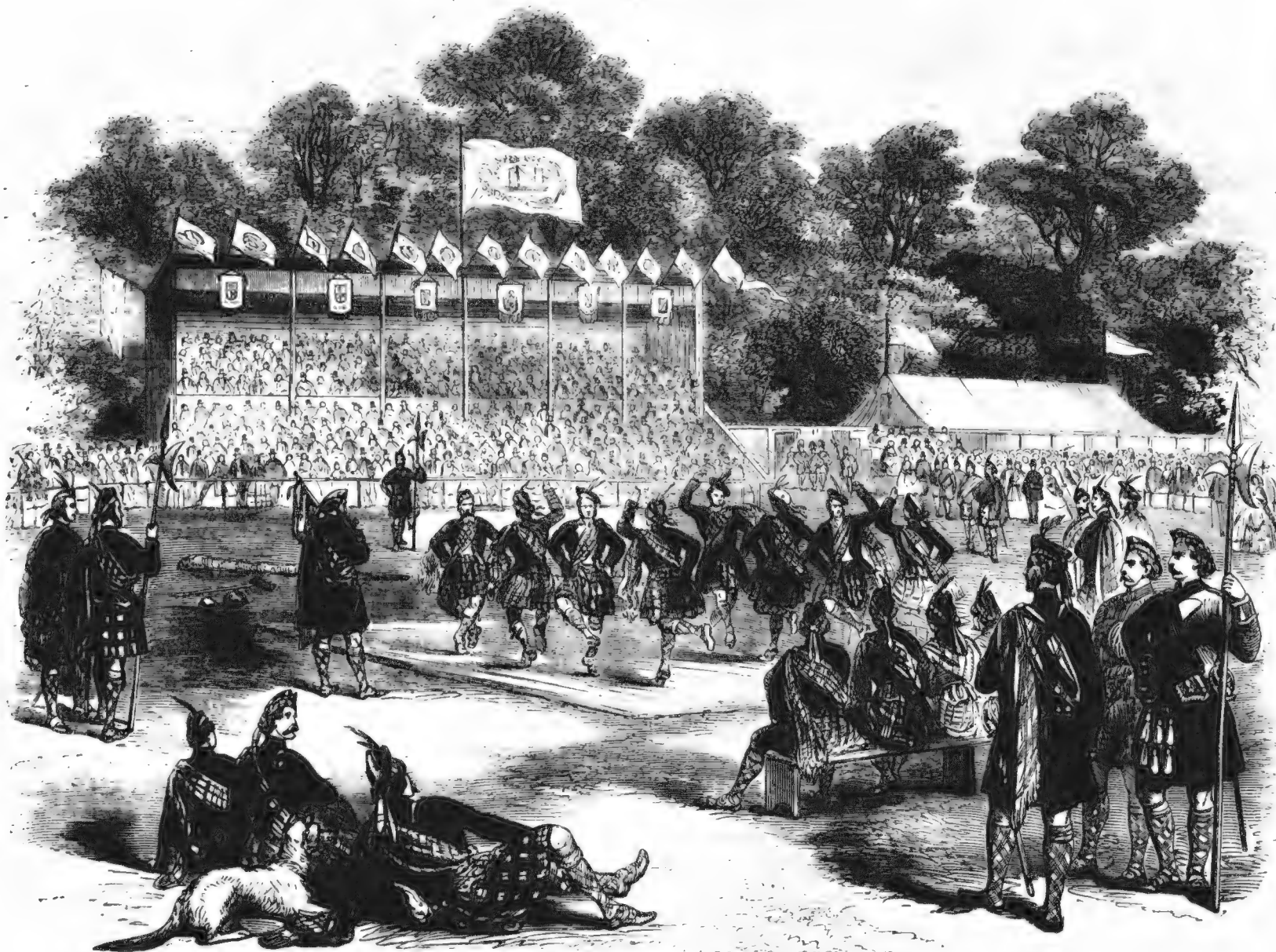
A **BOULIAN** HUSBAND.—Henry Warco, alias Hill, 45, a cabinetmaker, in Adams street, King's cross, was charged with assaulting his wife and threatening to murder her, by striking and grabbing one constable with a chisel and assaulting another. The wife stated that the prisoner came home between twelve and one in the day, and, as he usually did, knocked her, and flung a cup of tea at her. She tried to get out of his way and he struck her with his hand violently in the face. While she was escaping through the door he made a violent blow at her with a chair, which must have seriously injured her if her son had not caught it and prevented him. He had set her son to grind a chisel sharp before he went out, and on his return, to prevent her from saving her life, he struck her a violent blow in the back with his fist, and so threatened her that she was obliged to leave the house. The chisel upon her she ran out at the back door, but in fear she would see the constable into the house of a neighbour, whose daughter prevented him from coming in. He had threatened her life before, had been imprisoned two months for ill-treating her, and frequently slept with a knife under his head, so that she was in constant fear of him. She had been married twenty-six years to him, but he was a constant terror to her and her family, and she led the most miserable life. Mary Smith, a married woman living next door, said that she saw him strike her, make a blow at her with a chair, which must have cut her head open if it had caught her, and that she escaped into a place just in time to avoid him. She was as good as a woman in prison while the prisoner was one of the basest men alive. Sergeant Hopper, 8, who whose right arm was bandaged, said he was fetched to the prisoner's house where he found the wife in great terror; she said she was sure the prisoner would murder her, and wished to give him into custody, and she also said that the prisoner had a chisel, which he declared he would run into and pierce her with. The prisoner got out at the back of the house, and witnesses followed him, and he was caught at the top of the street. The prisoner turned, rushed at him, and struck upon him. On seeing him do so, the face and various parts of the body, and in warding them off with his hands he could he at last received one blow of the chisel in the arm, inflicting a wound which penetrated to the bone, and he could scarcely move two of his fingers at all. A lad ran for more police, while some persons passing helped him to secure the prisoner and wrest the chisel from him, but even then he tried to regain possession of the weapon, and he fought, resisted, and bit, and it was only by the aid of the police that he was secured. It was ascertained by the sergeant that there was great difficulty in securing him, as they had to carry him to the station. Two other witnesses confirmed the sergeant, and the prisoner declared that all his wife had stated was false, and that he had not purposely sharpened the chisel. Mr. Elliott sent him for trial.

A CASE OF BIGAMY—Peter Sullivan, 49, described as a shoemaker, of Friendly-street, Steepney, was charged with feloniously intermarrying with Mary Norton, his wife, Elizabeth Sliva, being then and there a married woman. Norton, whose appearance was in every respect the reverse of the prisoner's, and her age not more than thirty, said: I married this man under his representation of being a widower. The wedding took place at his house, on May 18th, 1861, and I left him seven months afterwards, in consequence of his bad habits and ill-nature. It was a friendly marriage, and a friendly parting, and I have since discovered that he has a wife living. Mary Needham, a widow, said: The prisoner is my brother. I was not present at his first marriage but I lived with him and his wife afterwards. I saw that wife, Mary Sandy. He has been separated from her more than eighteen years, and I have never seen her since. (Smiling.) Why, I knew this my second wife, and I was not at all surprised to find that she was really a friend of mine twenty years before I met her. I was then a tradesman in the Strand, and she was a dressmaker in the Strand, and I was a partner in a shoe-trade, Mile-end. After she left me I waited for her, and I considered for it was nearly eighteen years, and of course I thought she had died. Who'd have thought she'd be alive, and turn up in this way? I had no idea of it. EYE, 662 A, said: I have not had time to procure the registers since the first prisoner last night. Mr. Ellison: They must be produced, and I shall request the prisoner on his own recognisances to attend her again in one week's time. Prisoner, who appeared to treat the matter very lightly, then left the dock.

SINGULAR CASE.—Joseph Foxall, aged twenty-two, was charged with robbing J. F. Oouling, insensable by chloroform, and then robbing him of a gold watch. Mr. Oouling, who is formerly in the employ of the Brighton Railway Company, had been to supper with Mr. and Mrs. Sarcell, his friends, residing in Willow-walk, Barmseye, and, as he resided on the other side of the Kent-road, and the neighborhood was crowded and intricate, and their friend was a stranger, Mrs. Sarcell, at the request of her husband, walked with him to show him the way. On reaching the Kent-road, the prisoner came up and shook a handkerchief, or something like it, in the face of the prosecutor, who instantly became almost unconscious, as he fancied that he was obliged to sit down. Prisoner offered his services as a porter, but, suspecting his object, Mrs. Sarcell remained with prosecutor until a policeman came up. This policeman, as soon as he came up, insulted her grossly, telling her, "I know who and what she was—that was her intention to rob the man of his watch, and if she did not go, he would look her up and she would like to see an explanation." He also told the prosecutor if he did not get up, and start home, he would look her up. Mrs. Sarcell left the policeman, and had only got a little way when she met an inspector, to whom she told what had happened, and while doing so another constable came up and said the gentleman had been robbed of his watch. Mrs. Sarcell then again complained of the gross insults she had received, and said it was through that policeman who had insulted her the robbery had been effected. The prosecutor corroborated the witness's evidence, and said that he had never before been attacked with such a circumstance. On examination, and when he recovered, he found that prisoner had taken him to the rear of his street. He then ran away as fast as he could, and prosecutor found him in his street. On being informed of the robbery, wherever the prisoner running away, on being informed of the robbery, prosecutor him, and took him to his lodgings, but did not find out the watch. The prisoner denied the robbery. Mr. Elliott remanded him, and expressed his surprise that the policeman who had insulted and insulted Mrs. Sarcell was not present. He ordered that he should attend the next examination as in his (the magistrate's) opinion the case was one of that character requiring the most rigid investigation.



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE SCENE OF THE LATE DESTRUCTIVE FIRE. (See page 286.)



HIGHLAND GAMES BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT ABERGELDIE. (See page 286.)

Oct. 14, 1865.]

ST. MATTHEW'S DAY
AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

We herewith present an illustration of the annual oration which takes place at Christ's Hospital on St. Matthew's day. This is a relic of the scholars' disputations in the cloisters, and it is those scholars called "the Grecians" who give their orations on this day, before the Lord Mayor, corporation, governor, and their friends.

Christ's Hospital is situated in Newgate-street, and, according to Timbs, is one of the five royal hospitals of the City of London, and was founded for destitute children, by Edward VI. June 26, 1553, on the site of the Grey Friars' Monastery. At the same time the King founded St. Thomas's and Bridewell Hospitals, the three foundations forming part of a comprehensive scheme of charity, originating in a sermon preached before his Majesty by the pious Bishop Ridley. Besides the sites and appurtenances, Edward bestowed lands for their support to the amount of £600 a-year; "and then said in the hearing of his council, 'Lord, I yield Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the glory of Thy name.' After which foundation established, he lived not above two daies; whose life would have been wished equal to the patriarchs, if it had pleased God so to have prolonged it."—*Stow.*

The old monastic buildings were then repaired, the citizens became animated by Edward's zeal, and, by aid of their benefactions, in November, 1552, 340 "poore fatherlesse children" were admitted within the ancient monastery walls. "On Christmas-day," says Stow, "while the Lord Mayor and aldermen rode to St. Paul's, the children of Christ's Hospital stood from St. Lawrence-lane and in Chepe towards Paul's all in one livery of russet; and at Easter next they were in blue, and have continued ever since." Hence the popular name, "the Blue-Coat School."

Since this period, the income of the institution has fluctuated; and consequently, also, the number of children with which the hospital opened to 150. The object of the institution has also become materially changed, which may in a great measure be attributed to the influence of the governors, or supporters.

The hospital suffered materially in the destruction of the church of the monastery was destroyed. Christopher Wren, between 1687 and 1707, preached the "Spital sermons." There is a fine ancient friary remaining, except the cloisters.

The hospital was rebuilt by the governors. The first important addition to the hospital was the mathematical school, founded by forty boys to be instructed in navigation; the boys, and wear a badge on the right shoulder.

Literature.

THE WAR OF THE

"What dress will you wear to Mrs. Hilton's?"

"I do not think I will go, Carrie."

"Not attend the most brilliant party of the season?"

"Traverse, are you crazy? You must want to see Rose Arlington a chance to captivate your heart."

"You are, darling, but so different. She is a beautiful fairy. What ails your eyes to-night?"

"Never mind my eyes, Carrie—tell me, George."

"My George—ahem!—remarked to Captain Arlington."

"What beautiful eyes Miss Arlington has!"

"The handsomest eyes I ever saw."

"There is an expression in that makes a man better in spite of himself."

"Yes, Rose has beautiful eyes; and is it a fellow had."

"George spoke real feelingly, Rose; I could not but."

"I do not doubt it, Carrie."

"Now, Rose, I shan't talk any more."

"And why not? I do not know any one to kiss my big brother than his own betrothed."

Carrie blushed and kissed Rose. How were friends of the one we love above all others."

"You are unhappy, Rose."

"No, not unhappy; but Emma Wade's life, devoted to Miss Arlington last night, has been a lesson, as Emma hinted; but when a man's position, such remarks take somewhat from him there may be little grounds for them."

"Emma is a mischief-maker, Rose. Do not lipped little vixen, I could twist her neck off."

"Fie, fie, Carrie! That is rough and unbecoming. You are more indignant when you yourself. Did you not think yourself, O some foundation for Emma's remarks?"

"Well, Rose, he certainly was attentive."

she was quite as attentive to him. She did

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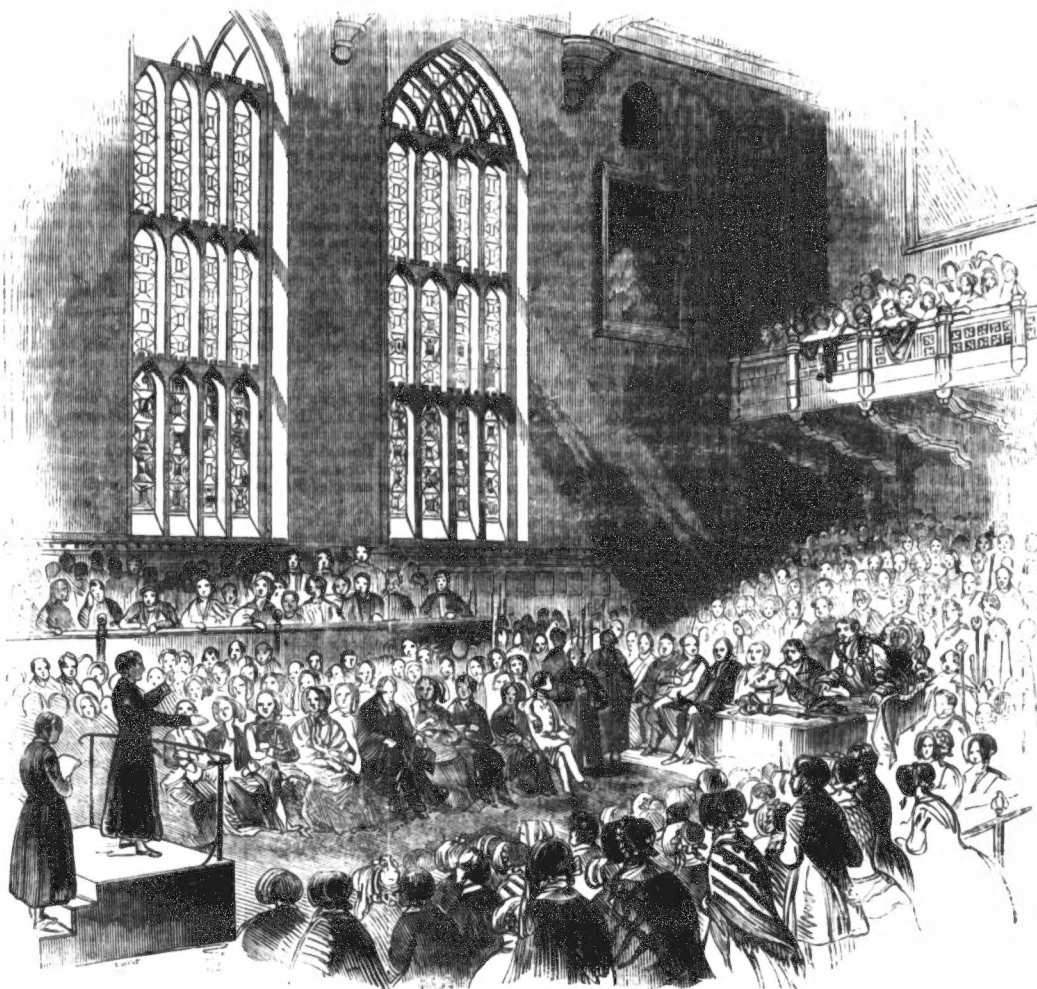
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Since this period, the income of the institution has known much fluctuation; and consequently, also, the number of inmates. The 340 children with which the hospital opened had dwindled in 1580 to 150. The object of the institution has also, in the lapse of time, become materially changed, which may in a great measure be attributed to the influence of the governors, or benefactors, its chief supporters.

The hospital suffered materially in the great fire of 1666, when the church of the monastery was destroyed. It was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, between 1687 and 1707; and here are annually preached the "Spital sermons." There is scarcely any portion of the ancient friary remaining, except the cloisters.

The hospital was rebuilt by the governors, by anticipating its revenue. The first important addition to the foundation after the fire was the mathematical school, founded by Charles II. in 1672, for forty boys to be instructed in navigation: they are called "King's boys," and wear a badge on the right shoulder. Lest this mathe-



ST. MATTHEW'S DAY AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

matical school should fall for want of boys properly qualified to supply it, one Mr. Stone, a governor, left a legacy to maintain a subordinate mathematical school of twelve boys, "the Twelves," who wear a badge on the left shoulder; to these have been added "the Twos."

This was the first considerable extension of the system of education at the hospital, which originally consisted of a grammar school for boys, and a separate school for girls, where the latter were taught to read, sew, and mark. A book is preserved containing the records of the hospital from its foundation, and an anthem sung by the first children.

The east cloister and south front were next (1675) rebuilt by Sir Robert Clayton, alderman, and cost him about £7,000; but it was not known who was the benefactor until the whole was finished.

The writing school, a large edifice, was built by Wren in 1694, at the expense of Sir John Moore, Lord Mayor in 1681, of whom a marble statue is placed in the facade. This school is situated on the west side of the playground, and being supported on columns, the under part, called the new cloister, shelters the boys in bad weather.

The ward over the east cloister was rebuilt, in 1705, by Sir

The dress of the "Blue-coat" boys is the costume of the citizens of London at the time of the foundation of the hospital, when blue coats were the common habit of apprentices and serving-men, and yellow stockings were generally worn. Mr. Brayley describes the dress as the nearest approach to the monastic costume now worn; the dark blue coat, with a close-fitting body and loose skirts, being the ancient tunic, and the under-coat, or "yellow," the sleeveless under-tunic of the monastery. The girdle was also a monastic appendage: the boys wear it of red leather. Yellow worsted stockings, a flat black woollen cap (scarcely larger than a saucer), and a clerical neckband, complete the dress.

The education of the boys consists of reading, writing, and arithmetic, French, the classics, and the mathematics. There are sixteen exhibitions for scholars at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, besides a "Pitt scholarship," and a "Times scholarship," the latter founded by the proprietors of that journal, with a fund subscribed by the public in testimony of their detection of the Bogue fraud, 1841. There are also separate trusts held by the governors of the hospital, which are distributed to poor widows, to the blind, and in apprenticing boys, &c. The annual income of the hospital is about £50,000; its ordinary disbursements are £48,000.

Francis Child, the banker. In 1795, the grammar school, of neat yellow brick, near Little Britain, and on the north side of the ditch playground, was erected partly with a sum of money bequeathed by John Smith, Esq.

The old buildings of the hospital had been altered, enlarged, and augmented at different periods; but becoming ruinous and unsafe, the governors, in 1803, determined to rebuild the whole. With a part of the general revenues of the hospital was, therefore, established a building fund, and with that, added by a grant of £5,000 from the corporation of London, and many private benefactions, the grand undertaking was commenced. The architect was the late John Shaw, F.R.S. and F.S.A., who has been succeeded by his son. Of the great dining hall the first stone was laid by the Duke of York, April 25th, 1825. This noble structure is in the Tudor style, and is built partly on the ancient wall of London, and partly on the foundation of the refectory of the Grey Friars. The back wall stands on the site of the ditch that anciently surrounded London, and is built on piles driven 20 feet deep. In excavating for the foundation, there were found some Roman urns and coins, and some curious leather sandals. The southern or principal front, facing Newgate-street, is supported by buttresses, and has an octagonal tower at each extremity, and the summit is embattled and pinnacled. On the ground story is an open arcade (187 feet in length, and 16½ feet in width); here, also, are a meeting-room for the governors, the hospital wardrobe, &c. Over the centre arch of the arcade is a bust of Edward the Sixth.

The area in front, or playground, is enclosed by handsome metal gates, enriched with the arms of the hospital.

Literature.

THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

"WHAT dress will you wear to Mrs. Hilton's to-night, Rose?"

"I do not think I will go, Carrie."

"Not attend the most brilliant party of the season! Why, Rose Traverse, are you crazy? You must want to be obliging, and give Rose Arlington a chance to captivate your handsome Ernest. I tell you, Rose, she is bewitchingly beautiful. Not more beautiful than you are, darling, but so different. She is a tiny, blue-eyed, golden-haired fairy. What ails your eyes to-night, Rose Traverse—their look is weird and unearthly?"

"Never mind my eyes, Carrie—tell me of this beautiful stranger."

"My George—ahem!—remarked to Captain Acton last night, 'What beautiful eyes Miss Arlington has!' (for which I could have slapped him). 'The handsomest eyes I ever saw, are your own sister's, George. There is an expression in her glorious dark eyes that makes a man better in spite of himself.'"

"Yes, Rose has beautiful eyes; and is the very best sister ever a fellow had."

"George spoke real feelingly, Rose; I could have fairly kissed him for it."

"I do not doubt it, Carrie."

"Now, Rose, I shan't talk any more."

"And why not? I do not know any one that has a better right to kiss my big brother than his own betrothed wife." Carrie blushed and kissed Rose. How we always love the near friends of the one we love above all others.

"You are unhappy, Rose."

"No, not unhappy; but Emma Wade's light talk about Ernest's devotion to Miss Arlington last night, has grieved me. I am not jealous, as Emma hinted; but when a man is placed in Ernest's position, such remarks take somewhat from his dignity, even though there may be little grounds for them."

"Emma is a mischief-maker, Rose. Do not mind her. The thin-lipped little vixen, I could twist her neck off!"

"Fie, fie, Carrie! That is rough and unusual language from your lips. You are more indignant when anything touches me than yourself. Did you not think yourself, Carrie, that Ernest gave some foundation for Emma's remarks?"

"Well, Rose, he certainly was attentive to Miss Arlington, but she was quite as attentive to him. She did not give him a chance

to leave her. Several times he attempted to join me, and every time *la belle* yellow-hair chained him by her delectable smiles and endless questions. I foresee very plainly, Rose, that I shall honour that designing little Arlington with my most cordial hatred. When Captain Acton came to claim her hand for a promised dance, she actually filled Ernest's hands, so that he would be obliged to wait her return—bouquet, fan, handkerchief—even her opera-cloak. I had half a mind to send one of the servants, with Miss Mason's compliments, and ask if he did not want some one to help him bear his burdens."

"Oh, Carrie Mason, what a child you are! You make me laugh, even while swallowing down a sob. I do not grieve over these tales, Carrie, because I am jealous, or have not the moral courage to give up the love of Ernest Tracy, if need be, but because it has shaken my faith in human nature. If Ernest, with his noble soul and high, brave spirit, is so easily won to forget the love of years, whom can we trust?"

"Bide a wee, dearie. He loves not that pale Rose Arlington. He loves but the bright crimson rose of his boyhood's idollary—sweet Rose Traverse. He is but captivated by the Arlington's beauty and impish ways."

But Rose did not answer; she was looking at the fast-gathering twilight, and thinking, doubtless, of her lover.

Later, the girls met in Rose's chamber. It was a fitting home for the abode of beauty. Heavy crimson damask curtains shaded the windows, throwing a warm ruddy glow over the two fair faces. One fancied they were walking on living flowers, so rich was the costly carpeting. A white ground, with rich clusters of crimson roses and convolvulus running over it, mingled with the trailing myrtle, whose bright green contrasted beautifully with the glowing flowers.

Carrie stood before the grate, with her forehead bent upon the marble mantel. Rose sat before a rosewood writing-desk, thickly strewn with manuscripts. Her magnificent black hair was put back from her white temples, as though it might oppress her, and the full crimson lips were compressed as though from pain. Her eyes flashed like stars; and the rich crimson on her cheeks almost shamed the roses beneath her feet.

"Rose, put up your writing this minute, and let us get dressed; I am going to look splendid to-night."

"I am not going out to-night, Carrie."

"Now, Rose Traverse, I do not love you one bit, and I shan't go unless you do."

"You just want to give that other Rose a chance to win from you the noblest heart that ever lived." And great tears rolled over the little maiden's face.

Rose left her writing, and drew the troubled face upon her breast.

"I do not feel to like going into a crowd to-night, Carrie: but would rather go than see you stay at home. So dry your tears, and get to your toilet."

The tears were soon dried.

"You must hurry, Rose, or else Ernest will be here before we are ready, and you know he does not like to wait."

"I ought not to go, for, indeed, I almost dread to meet Ernest."

"He don't know what you have heard, so you needn't care. Perhaps he was only flirting with her, after all."

"Hush, Carrie! I should think less of him than ever then."

Rose sadly gathered up her papers, and turned the key upon them.

"How you do seem to love these tiresome papers, Rose! One would think you had to write for a living, you pore over them so."

"No, Carrie, thank heaven I have not to toil for my daily bread; but I have to write to satisfy the craving of my heart, which is ever clamouring, 'Write, write!' We all have our needs. I do not know but what it is the safest outlet a woman's heart can have. Writing is the great need of my nature, little one. I can no more keep from it than you can keep from singing all day long, you happy nightingale!"

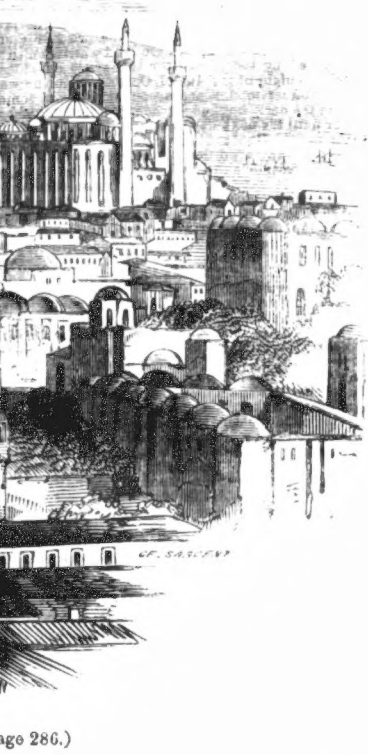
Rose stood before the mirror, and as she gazed upon her own rare loveliness, a scornful smile curled her lips, and she murmured to herself, "The world praises my beauty, and what they are pleased to term 'my soul's high gifts,' and yet neither could win me love that would not change."

Rose removed the golden comb from her hair, and the whole shining mass fell rippling almost to her feet. She smoothed it with her soft hand till it shone like the mirror in which it was reflected. Then the white fingers wandered through it, and rapidly it grew into broad, massive braids, which she wound about her white brow in the shape of a coronet. She donned a robe of rich amber satin, and clasping some magnificent diamonds upon her white throat and rounded arms, her toilet was complete. One peculiarity about Rose was, she never could endure a waiting-maid about her person; her beautiful form was always adorned by her own hands.

Crossing the hall, she knocked at Carrie's door, who, with the aid of two maids, her own and Rose's, had made but little progress.

"I am ready, Carrie. I will go into the drawing-room and practice over my new song."

She passed down the broad stairs, and entered the drawing-room. The room lay in shadow, lighted only from the hall, and Rose sat down to the instrument. At first her song was mournfully sad, then the rich voice rose appealingly, almost wailingly, in



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its pathos. Her heart caught the song's sadness, and her head sank low upon her breast. Ere she was aware, a voice thrillingly low whispered in her ear, "Rose, darling!" and the proud head was pressed to the heart of Ernest Tracy. He led her into the hall, under the brilliant gas-light.

"Rose, you are peerlessly beautiful to-night. Do you know it?"

"At this moment Carrie came tripping down the stairs. "Ah! Sir Knight of the Eagle Eye, you are punctual. Do I not look passing well to-night?" Then, as Rose went up-stairs for her gloves, she added, "I mean to walk straight into the heart of Captain Acton to-night; so the Arlington had best look to her laurels. They say she hames him as one among her victims. But here is the carriage—let us to the banquet."

"Carrie is on the high-tragedy style to-night, Rose. She is going to play Captain Acton with arrows from her blue eyes, and murder Miss Arlington with jealousy. I believe you have not met Miss Arlington, Rose. She is a namesake of yours, too."

"I have never met the lady."

When our party entered the rooms of Mrs. Hilton, an hour later, a subdued murmur of admiration followed them. There was a beautiful light in the blue eyes of Rose Arlington as she marked the superb beauty of the woman report said was to be Ernest Tracy's bride. She looked upon her, leaning upon the arm of the handsome, regal-looking man she was trying to win from his allegiance, and ground her teeth with rage.

The peerless beauty of Rose Traversa was acknowledged by all, and well it might be. Ernest knew that Miss Arlington's eyes were upon him; but they had lost their spell, overshadowed by the radiant beauty of his betrothed wife.

He determined to show the golden-haired belle no attention; but, oh! who can compute the power that lies in curls of a golden hue, and eyes of melting softness? The hand of Rose Traversa was claimed for a promenade by one who admired her above all women. Ernest stood, leaning against a pillar, watching her, and thinking how beautiful she was, when a small hand was laid upon his arm, and dewy eyes looked sadly into his.

"Have you forgotten my presence, Ernest? You have not sought me once to-night! Come, let us promenade; I have something to tell you." And the arm of the enchantress was linked with his own.

So once more busy tongues were whispering of his devotion to Miss Arlington, and sundry eyes, black, blue, and grey, were turned upon Rose Traversa. But Rose was proud; and whatever she felt, she made no sign. Her smile was calm and sweet, and her voice unaltered. She was called upon to sing—one asking for her favourite song, "No One to Love Me." Her voice rose firm and clear, not a quiver in it, though her heart was aching. Near her stood Ernest, with the sylph still clinging to his arm, and the echo of her sweet tones still thrilling his heart.

Where now is the resolution to avoid her? Alas! how true it is, that a pair of bright eyes, with a dozen glances, suffices to subdue a man—to enslave him. They dazzle and bewilder him, so that the past becomes forgotten.

Again Rose and Carrie are seated by the fire, in the former's pleasant chamber. By mutual consent, the name of Ernest was not mentioned. They said good night, and parted.

Without stirring, Rose unlocked her writing-desk, and drew forth the unfinished manuscript. Rapidly the pen travelled over the paper, till at last it was complete.

"Now for a few pages of the promised sketch, for I do not feel as if I could ever sleep again."

"What shall it be?" she scribbled—"what shall it be? How shall the aching head and aching heart improve matter to please the multitude?"

Her head sank upon her arm. Was she building up a story, or was she thinking of Ernest? How little the world reckons as it reads, and either praises or blames the writer! How often from the depths of an anguished heart those words have sprung! Rose wrote rapidly for an hour; then, rising, she threw up the window and knelt beneath it, inhaling greedily the pure air, but mindful that the winter wind blew upon her uncovered neck and arms. The face wore a weary look, and the dark eyes were very sorrowful. Reason whispered, "You had better go to your rest; you will be outworn to-morrow, and not fit to attend to your duties."

Duty! Ah, 'tis very well to grate of duty! Rose had done her duty, and would always do it; it brings peace to the heart and repose to the conscience; yet, wherefore after all does the heart ache and cry out for more? Why did Rose cry mutely for the loved presence, the gentle tones whose music lingered everywhere? Ah, Ernest, Ernest! why should thine eyes come between me and these midnight skies! Tell me, ye glistering stars, and thou, cold moon, will happiness ever be my portion again? Must I kneel for ever beneath this starry sky a mourner, like to-night? No answer! Ah, my mild invocation avails me nought! The stars are silent, the moon sails onward, and all is lost except a little life. All is changed! And yet you starry dome is the same that canopied my head in childhood! It is only I who have changed! I have wound a Gordian knot so close around my heart that I cannot unlodge it!

The moonlight fell upon the rich satin robe, upon the bowed head, and glittering gems, which flashed back a mocking light beneath his rays.

After a storm comes a calm. Rose, listening to the drowsy night murmurs, and the wind whispers, felt a calm descend upon her soul. When the grey dawn was breaking, she sought her pillow, at peace with all mankind, and from that hour she never again gave way to such great sorrow. She had learned a lesson that night under the stars which she never forgot.

The last month of winter passed slowly away. To Rose, it seemed interminable. All was at an end between Ernest and herself. She had given him his freedom, but it seemed to gall him more than chains; for he had grown thin and pale, and went but little into society. And Rose was content to have it so; she could not share the heart she loved with another; therefore she gave him up to her rival. The "war" was all on one side.

There were hours that Rose suffered severely, for Ernest Tracy was the one love of her life; but she knew what was due to herself. That he still loved her she believed, but he was weak, and yielded to the fascinations of her rival, against his judgment and better nature.

But the human heart is a stern tyrant, and the question that has been asked and answered willingly in many a human heart, sometimes trembled upon the lips of Rose, "How can I ever live without thee?"

They had met at parties and at the opera during the winter, but for weeks they had not met.

There was a picnic in contemplation, and, yielding to the entreaties of Carrie, Rose had consented to be of the number. She knew that Ernest Tracy and the rival Rose were to be there; but with calm dignity she prepared to meet them.

Very fair they looked, the two Roses, as they drew up at "Cool Spring" on the mountain road, to drink from its sparkling waters. The sprightly dangerous little rival Rose wore a habit of dark blue, with a blue velvet hat, set jauntily upon her golden curls. Our Rose wore a habit of black velvet, and a little hat of the same, with a long, white feather, drooping over the side. Carrie and George were sitting and cooing over the rocks; and George, brother-like, forgot that Rose, too, might be thirsty. Rose's eyes were fixed on the beautiful scenery, her hand resting lightly on Beattie's arching neck. Ernest Tracy stood watching the graceful form, and his face saddened as he thought how he had lost this noble woman by his own mad folly. Seeing her brother had forgotten her, he filled a silver cup with the sparkling water, and carried it to her. Some women would have drawn themselves up proudly and refused it;

but Rose took the water, thanking him calmly and quietly. She noticed the change in him since their last meeting in the winter, and her woman's heart divined that already the beauty of Rose Arlington had palled upon him—and her beauty was her only passport. She was shocked to see how haggard he looked, and the restless, wandering eye showed a heart ill at ease.

The days passed as such days usually do, and evening came ere they thought it was noon. Old Sol had grown drowsy, and was preparing for his rest behind the blue hills, so the gay cavalcade mounted, and moved homewards.

A few of the party lingered, enjoying the beauty of the evening; among them Ernest and Miss Arlington, and Rose and her party. Ernest was sad and still, so still that the fair Arlington pouted and smiled by turns.

A gay couple passed at this moment, and, in passing, one of the reckless riders struck the restive horse of Ernest, which reared and threw his ungarded rider upon a pile of sharp stones by the wayside. He lay perfectly still, with the blood flowing from his temples. Rose Arlington screamed, and got up a little scene; but Rose Traversa dismounted, and, stooping over the fallen man, raised him tenderly. His cheek had a frightful gash in it, and when the doctor arrived, he told the frightened group that, besides those injuries and a broken limb he feared his skull was injured. It was a sad party that returned at nightfall; for Ernest still lay unconscious, and the physician had little hope of his recovery.

Ere noon next day, Rose Arlington knew that her lover would live, but that he would be an invalid for many weeks. He still remained at the farm-house where he had been carried on the night of the accident. It was six weeks before he and Rose Arlington met. She was one day put into a pleasant flutter of excitement by the servant handing her a card, bearing the name of Ernest Tracy.

As she entered the room he rose to meet her. Oh, horror! he leaned upon a crutch, and his cheek had a frightful scar, which distorted his face. Rose covered her face with her hands, and wept.

"Do not cry, Rose; I have come to release you from your engagement. I could not link your beauty to my infirmity."

And so they parted, Rose congratulating herself on her escape, and Ernest making his way painfully to his own residence.

George Traversa stood upon the steps of his mother's house as Ernest passed slowly along.

"Why, Tracy! Bless my soul, man! is this you? Why did you not ride?"

"It is more painful to get into a carriage than to walk. Either is painful."

"Come in, man, and rest a bit."

And, without waiting for an answer, he assisted him up the steps. Rose came in a few minutes after they were seated. Ernest trembled in every limb; and he watched with anxiety for the look of disgust he had seen on Rose Arlington's face.

"Why do you not cover your face, Rose?"

"Because I am too glad to see you well again."

And she held out her hand.

"You do not seem shocked at my disfigurement?"

"No. I can only thank God that He spared your life and reason, Ernest."

His lip quivered; but he felt strengthened by her words. He went home leaning on George Traversa's arm, feeling less wretched than when he left it.

Next day, Carrie entered briskly, and said, "The Arlington has left for Italy, Rose."

"Ah! I wonder if it will grieve Ernest?"

"No. He released her himself. I think he has been weary of his engagement for a long time. I believe his freedom is pleasant to him."

"It was purchased at a fearful cost."

"Poor Ernest, my heart aches for him, Rose!"

Two years afterwards, Rose Traversa and Ernest Tracy were married. Ernest is still lame—still carries a scar on his cheek; but Rose thinks his face is the pleasantest face she ever saw, and his smile the kindest.

VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

On page 284 we give a view of Constantinople, the scene of the recent fire, which destroyed, it is reckoned, about 8,000 houses, nearly twenty mosques, ten baths, five Christian churches, and some fifteen khans. No such calamity has befallen Constantinople during the present century, if, indeed, since the conquest. Nearly half the space thus reduced to a desert of ashes was inhabited by the poorest Mussulman population, fifteen or twenty thousand of whom are thus reduced to absolute want. With its usual generous promptitude, it is stated that "the Government has not lost an hour in dealing out what relief it can to the poorest of the sufferers. Shelter has been given to nearly half of them in the empty khans and other available buildings, and most of the remainder have been camped under tents in the Hippodrome till wooden huts or other accommodation can be found. A ration of bread is also being served out to them at the Porte's expense; and, in short, every effort that the plied means of the Government will allow is being made to relieve the distress which the calamity has occasioned. A general subscription has also been opened under the presidency of Ali Pasha, to which the Sultan and the whole of the ministers have made large contributions, and amongst the foreign communities, Sir Henry Bulwer has initiated an auxiliary effort, heading the British list of donations with one of fifty guineas from himself. Coming, as this disaster has done, on the very heels of the cholera, it has struck Stamboul a blow from which it must take years to recover.

SCOTTISH GATHERING AT ABERGELDIE.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES gave a ball at Abergeldie to the tenants and servants on the estates of Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall, giving occasion for Scottish gatherings and amusements of all kinds. One of these will be found illustrated on page 284. There was a very large company at the ball. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and attendants, with the distinguished party from Balmoral, and Colonel Farquharson and party from Invercull, entered the ball-room about ten o'clock, shortly after which dancing commenced, and was kept up with great spirit till an early hour in the morning. The Prince of Wales and several of the royal party joined heartily in the dance during the evening. After they had retired, about two o'clock, a sumptuous supper was served.

DEAF AND DUMB ATTORNEYS.—We observe that Mr. Duncan McLellan has passed his examination as an attorney at the last term in Toronto. Mr. McLellan, who is a native of Greenock, has been deaf and dumb from birth, and was educated at the Glasgow Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. We may also state that his brother, Mr. Archibald McLellan, also deaf and dumb from birth, and educated in the same institution, passed the usual examination in Osgood Hall, in 1860, and was sworn in attorney-at-law to practise in the town of Belleville—Greenock Advertiser.

FIVE HUNDRED VOYAGES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—Those who have travelled by the Cunard steamers to and from the United States must know Commodore Judkins. After a long and successful career, we learn that the veteran commander leaves the Cunard service for private life at the end of the present year. Captain Judkins, we believe, has made nearly 500 voyages across the Atlantic, all of which have been unattended by any serious mishap.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

A SANCTIMONIOUS HYPOCRITE.

[From the *Stocks*.]

ONE can understand the *Tartuffe* of Zolaire. He is forty-three years old—the age of old calculations, of immense subtleties, beneath the humblest exterior, of all the base passions which are cherished by human weakness. But how are we to comprehend a *Tartuffe* of eighteen years? Who would think of meeting with him in a fair and rosy youth, with blue downcast eyes, of modest mien, modest demeanour, sweet, inspired, almost blissful speech? This phenomenon now presents himself, however, at the Correctional Tribunal. His name is Pierre Jayet, he is eighteen years old, and there is nothing requiring alteration in the portrait which has just been painted. Let us add that he was trained in the educational establishment of St. Vincent de Paul, where he passed ten years, and that he appeared before the tribunal charged with several robberies.

The President: On your quitting the educational establishment of St. Vincent de Paul, you were for a month lost sight of, and it was not known what you did for a living; but you were found again at the house of a respectable ecclesiastic of the diocese of Paris, who allowed himself to be deceived by your falsehoods, who received you into his house, who lodged you there, and whom you basely deceived while subjecting his house to pillage. Is that true?

Jayet (his eyes cast down and his hands joined): I have nothing but what is good to say of the abbe; he is a very respectable priest, who took pity on my youth; but in spite of my Christian principles of charity, I cannot say as much of his sister, who had the chief authority in the house. This woman who, doubtless, cannot comprehend the duties of a servant of the Lord, made me work all day and even at night, and only gave me bread, and even an insufficient quantity of that, to nourish my perishable body. I was obliged to have recourse to prayer to fortify my soul against the temptations of the body.

The President: You have fortified your soul very badly, for all that was not given to you, you took, and you nourished your perishable body with bonbons, preserves, and sweetmeats.

Jayet: I do not deny that I took some sweets in that house; it was after having reflected well that I determined to do so, for the sake of the salvation of the sister of the abbe. I said to myself that if I died of famine the sister of the abbe would be responsible for my death before God, and I wished to save her from that calamity.

The President: Dare you offer such explanations before the court? However, you are not a prisoner on account of the thefts committed at the house of your benefactor, and we shall not recur to them. After leaving this house you lived in a furnished lodging-house. There, by your language, your insidious manners, and your falsehoods, you succeeded in gaining the confidence of the proprietors of the house and of the lodgers—a confidence which you betrayed by stealing in the room to which you were allowed access various articles of the toilet, shoes, trousers, overcoats, woollen waistcoats, and other objects. Do you remember all these robberies?

Jayet (after a short meditation): There is a distinction to be made. To take from another in order to appropriate to yourself is a robbery; but to collect in corners articles abandoned by the prosperous of the earth in order to give them to the poor and the necessitous, I do not believe that that is a robbery in the eyes of God.

The President: Christian morality is the same for all Christians; it forbids robbery without making the distinctions you are seeking to establish, which are not for any time, and which should not be for your age. Moreover, you have not even the excuse which you offer; for most of the objects which you have stolen you have given, not to the poor, but to a barley-sugar merchant, from whom you had had the audacity to obtain a loan of £1. It was, then, in order to acquit yourself of that debt, that you gave him the articles which you had abstracted, and not through that spirit of charity of which you are in the habit of boasting.

Jayet (with animation): You are mistaken, sir, for I had given those articles to this merchant before borrowing of him.

The President: Then you wished to allude him; that comes to the same thing—the tactics are the same, and in this second case, as in the first, the spirit of charity disappears. Who led you to suppose that the articles which you took, and among which there was an overcoat nearly new, were abandoned?

Jayet: In going from mass an inspiration came to me to take it in order to do an act of charity.

The President: Was it also through charity that you told Rev. that you spoke to everybody of your uncle the Archbishop of Cambrai, and of your cousin a curé of Paris in the Faubourg St. Germain?

Jayet: If I made friends for myself, especially this poor barley-sugar merchant, it was not by boasting of my relationships, but by holding Christian conversation with him in order to induce him to bear without murmuring the trials which it pleased the Lord to send him. My conversations pleased that good man, and I believe that they have strengthened him in the sorrowful path which he has to follow.

Witnesses were then heard.

The mistress of the furnished house: This little young man has deceived us all; I had great confidence in him because he was always at church, because he was surrounded by priests, and always spoke of his uncle, the Archbishop of Cambrai.

The President: He pretends that the articles which he stole were abandoned by the lodgers.

The witness: May God pardon him for that falsehood, with all the others! Every one keeps what he has, and does not like to have it taken from him.

Jayet: In that house all the rooms were open, all the trunks, all the cupboards; in one chamber there were some good things; if I had been a thief I might have taken them, whereas I have only taken the bad things—among others a woollen waistcoat which had neither sleeves nor front.

Lorain (seventy-two years old): Since I ceased to be able to follow my trade of a joiner, I have sold barley-sugar and bonbons in the Champs Elysees. It was there that I made the acquaintance of this young gentleman, about a month after the Emperor's fête. He came to buy some barley-sugar and some almond-cake, telling me that it was for missionaries who were going to cross the sea for religion. He often spoke to me of his uncle the Archbishop, and of another relative who was a curé at Paris, promising to make me acquainted with them. When I had got acquainted with him, he borrowed of me £1, but he entirely deceived me, for he paid me nothing.

The President: Has he not given you articles of clothing?

The witness: Yes; as I told him that I was not prosperous, he brought me two old stocking-nets, a surcoat, a pair of velvet drawers, and two pairs of loose trousers.

The President: Was it before or after the loan of twenty-five francs?

The witness: Before and after.

On the motion of the imperial advocate (M. Lepelletier), the tribunal sentenced the hardiest *Tartuffe* to a year's imprisonment.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, which has been in use in America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on each bottle. It is pleasant to take and safe in all cases; it soothes the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, will allay all pain, relieve wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is an excellent remedy for dysentery or diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. The fine simile of "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle. London depot, 205, High Holborn.—[Advertisement.]

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ANTIMONIOUS HYPOCRITE.

[From the *Black*.]
The *Antimonious Hypocrite*. He is forty-three years of age, of a middle stature, with a fair complexion, and a good deal of hair. He is a native of the north, and has been in the service of the late Duke of Devonshire for many years. He is a man of a very high character, and is much respected by his friends. He is a man of a very high character, and is much respected by his friends. He is a man of a very high character, and is much respected by his friends.

On your quitting the educational establishment Paul, you were for a month left sight, and it was about to write a work on popular ignorance. There is no man on earth," replied his friend, "more fit to do that."

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